

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT THE NEW YORK APPROACH OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE, MAY 30TH.
THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 249

FRANK LESLIE'S
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NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1883.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

HOWEVER we may commiserate England in her present Irish difficulty, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that her general mode of governing Ireland finds no approval in the United States, and that her refusal to treat that country with justice is regarded here as the source of all the existing troubles. Subterranean fires are discovering themselves active under her feet; monsters of darkness are being brought into light as her enemies. She breathes an air thick with conspiracy and lurid with murder and conflagration. But she walked into the trouble with her eyes open. She was warned over and over again—and history had warned her—that, after smothering open agitation instead of listening to its complaint, she would have to deal with the power which held open agitation in aversion. Her own ministers knew it well. When they wanted the Lords to pass the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, the Marquis of Hartington admitted that it was nothing but the state of the country and the fear that crime and conspiracy would ensue if the arm of the local despot was not temporarily staid, that induced him to consent to the measure; and Mr. Forster said they wanted it in order that they might not be compelled to carry out a law which they knew to be unjust, and he hinted at the awful responsibility which would rest upon those who would have to govern the country without the assistance of this Act. When the natural result of the rejection of this measure was reached in a crop of agrarian outrages and Ribbon conspiracies, and when the Liberal Ministry met the difficulty, not by forcing the measure, or a better one, down the throat of the Peers, but by a Coercion Act—the forty-first since the century—and when this Coercion Act was followed by another and another; when a policy which has begotten in continuous succession a Protection Act, an Arms Act, a Crimes Act, an Explosives Act, and a Criminal Code Procedure Bill, was inaugurated, it was inevitable that the spirit of lawlessness should flame out in acts of frantic and bloody desperation.

All liberty of the subject is suspended temporarily in Ireland under the Crimes Act. Under the Criminal Code Bill, when it becomes law, and under the Explosives Act, all liberty of the subject will be suspended permanently. By the conspiracy clauses of either of these measures, Mr. Parnell can be pronounced guilty of the sedition, intimidation and treason of the Philadelphia Convention, held while he was three thousand miles away—for, according to present English legislation, that moderate convention was highly illegal. By the eighteenth clause of the Code Bill, which empowers every court before which an accused is arraigned to try offenses committed out of the jurisdiction, any man caught in Ireland who attended that convention can be tried for every sentiment uttered thereat. England did not wreck her Constitution to get hold of these laws for nothing. She must mean to use them *à outrance*, and if she does, constitutional movements to redress Irish grievances will be impossible.

Now, suppose the Irish people, deciding that in Platonic revolution there is no further hope, should resolve on a policy of physical force, and should become actual belligerents—seizing the opportunity afforded by England becoming involved in a foreign war, or any other favorable occasion, to rise in armed revolt—and suppose in this emergency the Irish in America should actively co-operate in this revolt, by the furnishing of either men, money, or arms, how would the United States receive England's demand to interfere with the projects of these Irish-Americans? How would we treat Ireland's demand for recognition in the event of the establishment of her belligerency by the capture and occupation of a single seaport, or any other considerable success?

The Irish, in the event of a resort to physical revolution, would present a plausible case. They could say that they tried constitutionalism with all their might, and that we approved their objects and their methods; and that now, England forbidding constitutionalism, they are forced to try war, and that their objects are the same while their new method is none the less sacred since it is necessary. They could justify themselves by history—they could justify themselves out of England's own mouth. They could point to her teaching every oppressed nationality that it was its duty to revolt. They could show that, in 1859-60, when the Italian question was the question of the hour, her Lord Ellenborough urged Italy, stimulated by the insults of France, to "rise to vindicate her right to choose her own government and clutch the

arms by which alone it could be secured." They could recall the memorable words of the London *Times* in the same connection: "It is quite time that all the struggling nationalities should clearly understand that freemen have no sympathy with men who do nothing but howl and shriek in their fetters. Liberty is a serious game, to be played out, as the Greek told the Persian, with knives and hatchets, and not with drawled epigrams and soft petitions." They could say that Ireland, in playing out the "serious game" with England, has as much claim on the sympathy of freemen all the world over as Italy in her fight for unity, or Belgium struggling for independence, or Greece shaking off the yoke of Turkey, or Hungary against Austria, or the American Colonies against the English Crown.

When such a case comes to be presented to us, together with England's remonstrance, how shall this country act? Shall we withhold the sympathy, and yield to England, or yield the sympathy, and vindicate in our policy the principle which England, as to other countries, has uniformly championed?

THE WAR IN TONQUIN.

THOSE who wish well to the French Republic must regret to see it engaged in what certainly looks like a struggle for conquest on foreign soil. Imperial Governments may embark in such enterprises with comparative safety, for they are in harmony with the monarchical spirit and traditions, and the power necessary to their successful prosecution is always well in hand. But the strength of a Republic is in a beneficent home administration, while the path of conquest is a path of danger. Just in proportion as the people of any country learn to exercise the powers of government for themselves, they acquire a habit of minding their own business—a habit greatly conducive to peace between nations. The trouble with the French Republic is that its republicanism is more an external form than an inward spirit. Its administrators, long accustomed to the sight and the exercise of imperial power, unconsciously and by force of habit often try to rule according to monarchical rather than republican principles. Here is the rock on which that republic is in constant danger of going to pieces. If the people find that they have the spirit of monarchy under republican forms, they will be likely to say: "If we must have the substance, let us have its genuine reflection as well, its pomp and displays. Let us have no shams in the name of republicanism."

The merits of the Tonquin war, at this distance, are not easily discovered; but there is too much reason to fear that France is allowing herself to be drawn into a struggle that will be long and extensive, and bring her little honor, while creating discontent among her own people. The latest indications, too, show a disposition on the part of Germany and other Powers to enter something more than a formal protest against the French proceeding, and it is not impossible that serious complications may yet arise.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

WHILE there may be very great exaggeration, and much sensational coloring, in the statements made at intervals respecting the growth of the opium habit in this country, it is undeniable that the trade in this drug is steadily increasing, and at a rate out of due proportion to the increase of population. The practice of smoking opium has certainly become more prevalent, of late, in this city and elsewhere. The increase in the pernicious habit may be inferred from the fact that while the imports of the smoking opium were only 47,428 pounds in 1877, 54,805 pounds in 1878, 60,648 pounds in 1879, and even in 1880 not more than 77,196 pounds, yet the total rose last year to 106,221 pounds. The total within six years has reached 422,744 pounds, valued at about \$4,337,046. Moreover, it is becoming cheaper, and the temptations to use it are thus increased. In 1878 the average price was \$11.27, gold, per pound in bond; last year it was \$9.78. In fact, so glaring has the abuse become that the attention of Congress was directed to it at the last session, and though this grade of opium paid a tax of \$6 per pound in the old tariff, it will, under the new code, be taxed \$10 per pound. The regularly prepared Chinese smoking opium is unknown to American commerce; it comes to this country by way of San Francisco from China, and is imported by Chinese merchants. Not more than 25 per cent. of the imports at San Francisco, it is estimated, is sent to New York, but this is, nevertheless, anything but a satisfactory state of things. Chinamen also purchase Turkish opium in this city by the case, and prepare it by a peculiar process for smoking. Turkish opium does not possess so much narcotism—the narcotic principle in the drug—as that obtained from India, but it is nevertheless purchased to some extent from the large wholesale druggists of this city.

Then, too, the imports of opium from which morphine is extracted are increasing at a rate that may reasonably excite apprehensions. The total for six years past is 1,571,805 pounds, valued at more than six millions of dollars. The total of smoking and morphine opium during the brief space of six years has thus been 1,994,549 pounds, valued in exact figures at \$10,507,919. Last year the Turkish crop proved a partial failure, but in 1881 the imports were 385,060 pounds, and, with the smoking opium, the total reached 461,506 pounds, against 325,608 pounds in 1872; showing an increase of 135,898 pounds—an increase which will be the better appreciated when the exceedingly powerful nature of this drug is remembered. Most of the American morphine is made here and in Philadelphia; the manufacturing take about 75 per cent. of the opium. But morphine is being imported in increasing quantities from Europe, especially from Glasgow. The total imports last year were 23,239 ounces, against 22,358 ounces the year before. It is notorious that the use of morphine is increasing at a most unhealthy rate; the use of the hypodermic or subcutaneous syringe enables any one so disposed to indulge in this vice. Druggists sell morphine, in many instances, with a reckless disregard of the consequences; weak women, nervous men of business, gamblers, professional men, and others, regularly take opium in this form, and in comparison with the magnitude to which this vice has attained, the practice of opium-smoking, limited as it is to a comparatively few persons, seems almost unimportant. An opium-eater requires considerable of the drug to satisfy his vicious appetite, whereas a very little morphine answers his purpose. Laudanum, another preparation of opium in spirit of wine, is also being used in increasing quantities in this country, and of course with the most deplorable results. To such frightful excesses do some of its unhappy devotees go, that one instance, at least, is known in which a woman regularly took three ounces in a single day. Of course a quarter of an ounce, and perhaps even less, would ordinarily prove fatal to a person unaccustomed to the use of the drug.

Meanwhile, would it not be well for physicians to exercise more care in prescribing narcotics? It is asserted that in many instances they prescribe morphine, laudanum and chloral without due precautions. Druggists, too, are equally careless in many cases, if not actually culpable, in selling dangerous drugs as often as they are called for, even when it was not intended that the prescription should be used more than a few times at the most. Their practice of giving copies of prescriptions to patients may also often prove harmful, since the morphine habit, for instance, may frequently be formed in this way.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

THE philosophers and divines who, from the exalted heights and the profound depths of their wisdom, condescend to prescribe for woman the sphere in which she should move, and which she can transcend only by the loss of all that is noblest and sweetest in her nature, must have been appalled by Mr. Hewitt's revelation of the work done by Mrs. Washington Roebling in the construction of the magnificent bridge which now spans the river between New York and Brooklyn. That graceful structure, the airy outline of its curves of beauty pendant between massive towers—in the words of Mr. Hewitt, "the result of the study, of the experience, and of the knowledge of many men of many ages—a work without a rival among the wonders of human skill," could not have been completed when it was, without the aid of a woman, nobly rendered at a most critical moment! Was it not a hard fate for so many social theories, carefully wrought out and oracularly proclaimed, that they should thus wilt and perish in a single hour, in the presence of one stern and incontrovertible fact, one example of womanly courage and womanly capacity for the acquisition of knowledge?

When Mr. Roebling was stricken down with the terrible disease induced by inhaling the foul air of the caissons, and was incapacitated for the further full discharge of his duties—in danger even of dying—his noble wife, instead of crying hysterically over his misfortune and sinking down nerveless and helpless into the privileged softnesses to which philosophers like Dr. Dix would consign her, set herself at once to the task of acquiring the knowledge necessary to enable her to become a helpmeet to him in his scientific labors. He had become so morbidly sensitive, that the mere sound of a strange human voice was unbearable. Not one of the engineers could consult with him, and yet the most intricate and profound problems in mathematics, to which he alone held the key, had to be solved. Under his direction his wife studied the highest branches of mathematics, mastered them, and applied her knowledge to the construction of the

bridge. She grasped her husband's ideas and interpreted them to the engineers, who were astonished at the acuteness and depth of her knowledge. In a short time she became the chief director of the work. "With this bridge," says Mr. Hewitt, "will ever be coupled the thought of one through the subtle alembic of whose brain, and by whose facile fingers, communication was maintained between the directing power of its construction and the obedient agencies of its execution. It is thus," he continues, "an everlasting monument to the self-sacrificing devotion of woman, and of her capacity for that higher education from which she has been too long debarred."

Well said, Mr. Hewitt! But, perhaps, some philosopher of the Dixian school will rise up to say that the woman of domestic and household life was sacrificed to the demands of science, and that womanhood, in its best sense, was blighted. A sufficient answer to this will be found in these words of Mr. Kinsella, one of the bridge trustees: "The most abstruse study has not interfered with Mrs. Roebling's ministrations at her husband's bedside. If he is restored to health, it will be largely through her patient and intelligent attendance upon him, and Colonel Roebling will be indebted to his noble wife even as the people are."

INFLUX OF ENGLISH CAPITAL.

ENGLISH capitalists have had a good many disastrous experiences with American mines and railways, and in a large assortment of "wild cat" schemes that were made sufficiently alluring to achieve the only object of their originators and promoters. But there is one line of investment which always appeals with effective eloquence to the English capitalist—he has an hereditary passion for the purchase of large tracts of land. The opportunities for such investments at home have gone by, while under the existing condition of affairs there is no temptation to the acquirement of landed estates in Ireland.

At the present time there is lying idle in England vast sums of money seeking safe and profitable investment. This capital has found the desired outlet in the purchase of cattle ranches and grazing lands in the western and southwestern parts of the United States. It is estimated that not less than \$10,000,000 was invested in American lands by Englishmen in 1882, and during the present year, judging from the activity in that direction, it is probable that very nearly three times as much money will be brought into the country. Numerous syndicates have been organized, and many others are forming, in which some of the most far-sighted and best-known men in Great Britain are largely interested. Among the heavy investors in American lands are the Duke of Sutherland, John Pender, Mr. Hampden Whalley, M.P., the Baring Brothers, Mr. Labouchère, editor of London *Truth*, Sir Thomas Brassey, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Earl Dunmore, Lord Dunraven, the Earl of Airlie, and others equally prominent. It may be added that Prince Bismarck recently invested some \$3,000,000 in Mexican lands. The rapid pushing of railways in the Southwest and in Mexico are bringing into immediate value millions of acres heretofore impracticable owing to the lack of communication and facilities for transportation.

The larger part of the tracts of land which are now so rapidly falling into the hands of English owners is purchased for stock-raising purposes. In 1867 the cattle ranches were confined to Texas; since then they have enlarged their ever-widening territory, until now they extend from Mexico on the South to British America on the North. Those who went into stock-raising directly after the close of the war and made comfortable fortunes in a short time, were impressed with the idea that they were getting the cream of the business, and that there would be little or nothing left for those who should come after them. The fallacy of this idea has been exploited, and it has also been demonstrated that there is practically no limit to the demand for cattle; for, rapid as has been the increase of area devoted to cattle ranches, the demand is always ahead of the supply—so much ahead that prices have steadily gone up.

With land at reasonable prices, there is no investment to-day which insures larger returns with so little annoyance or trouble on the part of the investor. In connection with this subject a single word of warning to those who have lands for sale: let them be content with a fair profit on their investment, and not frighten away capital by an attempt to charge fancy prices based on fictitious and exorbitant values.

RIPARIAN LANDS.

THE United States District Court of New Jersey has recently rendered a decision of great importance in reference to the authority of the State to dispose of its riparian lands. Some years ago the State created a Riparian Commission for the purpose of protecting its rights in all submerged lands lying between

high and low-water mark on navigable waters. This commission has from time to time sold and leased lands of this description to corporations and individuals, and in a few cases the State has, by direct Legislative Acts, disposed of large tracts—in one instance receiving \$500,000 for such a surrender of its title. The cities of Hoboken and Jersey City, however, have persisted in claiming ownership of their water-front, and have undertaken in spite of the action of the State, to run their streets over land held by various corporations which have leased or purchased the same from the State Commission. In the suit decided by the District Court the City of Hoboken claimed the right to extend five streets to the water's edge by virtue of the dedication, in 1804, of certain streets by the then owner of the land. The corporations resisted the City's claim by the counter claim that the title of the owner was limited to high-water mark of the river in 1804, and that the State, which had the title to the riparian land, has since conveyed that title to them. Judge Nixon, after stating what he finds to be the facts in the case, decides that neither the owner in 1804, nor at any time, nor any of his grantees, had the power to grant title to the riparian lands; that the land belonged to the State; that the State, being the absolute owner of the riparian lands below high-water mark, had the right to fill in, or authorize others to fill in, such land; that such land was not alluvion or accretion which became the property of the shore-owner, but remained the property of the State, and the City has no authority to dedicate such land to the public streets, and charge it with an easement. In some other cases, in which the City seeks to dispossess certain steamship companies which derive their title from a land corporation which had purchased the right of the State, the court decides that the defendants are entitled to hold the lands in dispute unless compensation be made therefor, thus again asserting in the most positive form the absolute right of the State in the premises. An appeal may be made from this decision, but it will no doubt be maintained. If the title to the riparian lands is in the State, as is now generally conceded, it follows inevitably that the State must in good faith protect its grantees in the enjoyment of their grants. It is simply absurd to assume that a municipality can, on the mere strength of some alleged "dedication" of a street on some musty old map which has been laid away in hiding for a hundred years or more, claim or exercise ownership over lands reclaimed from the waters by private enterprise under authority of the State.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE festivities at Moscow which followed the coronation of the Czar prolonged for several days the imposing ceremonies of that occasion. The greater part of two days last week was spent by the Emperor in receiving congratulations, and honors of various sorts were conferred upon princes and other dignitaries. The festivities at Moscow, however, have found no echo at St. Petersburg, where a serious riot occurred last week. Pains are taken to explain that the trouble did not arise from political causes, but the significant announcement is permitted that the manifesto issued by the Czar on the day of his coronation has created an unfavorable impression.

The French war in Tonquin makes progress. Captain Riviere and a force of men from the French fleet were attacked near Hanoi by a strong body of natives, and the captain and fifteen of his command were captured and impaled alive the next day. The news created a sensation in France, and there is a loud call for vengeance. Two thousand additional troops have been dispatched from Toulon, and one thousand two hundred will be sent from Cochinchina. The French Envoy to Annam has been instructed to hold the King of Annam responsible for the recent hostilities near Hanoi, and to demand satisfaction from him, including the payment of a heavy indemnity. The German Government is not satisfied with the drift of affairs, and is considering the question of sending more vessels to the Chinese coast.

The dynamite conspirators have been indicted by a London Grand Jury on the charge of treason-felony. Michael Fagan, another of the Phoenix Park assassins, has been hanged in Dublin. Irish discussions continue to consume time in Parliament, and Mr. Gladstone has informed the Liberals that it will be necessary to drop for the present session the Bill for remodeling the corporation of the City of London, adding that he could not expect this would be a brilliant session, though he thought it would be a good and not a discreditable one.

Fighting between the forces of the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Shinwarris has been renewed. The losses have been heavy on both sides. The Shinwarris, although not numerically strong, have long been a most turbulent tribe, inhabiting the country between Jellalabad and the Khyber. They gave the British troops a great deal of trouble during the last campaigns in Afghanistan and also at the time of the old wars in that country. During the last two years they have paid little or no heed to the commands of the Ameer, whom they affected to despise as the nominee of the English.

Both England and Mexico have appointed Envoys to negotiate for a renewal of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Mr. Gladstone has declined the request of the Duke of Albany (Prince Leopold) to be made Governor-General of Canada on the ground that he is too young for such an important position, and lacks experience in governmental work. The Queen will scarcely forgive this snub to her royal son. The relations between Prussia and the Vatican do not improve.

THE backwardness of the seaside resorts. At Long Branch and other New Jersey coast resorts, the indications are less favorable for a prosperous season than for some years past. Scores of cottages which have been let ordinarily early in May are still in the market, and the engagements of rooms at the hotels are by no means up to the average. Unless matters in Wall Street shall pick up, and business generally become more profitable than it has been for some time past, the landlords of the resorts principally frequented by New Yorkers are likely to find the season anything but a prosperous one.

THE propriety of using musical instruments in religious services is a question which has provoked heated discussion in many denominations in years past, but the victory has generally rested with those who advocated their introduction. Some communions, however, are still agitated by the controversy, and the recent assembly of the United Presbyterians at Pittsburgh devoted considerable time to its consideration, without finally disposing of the subject. The leaders of the opposing parties urge their views with as much force as though the salvation of the world depended upon their particular side carrying the day, and they find it difficult to understand how ridiculous so heated a controversy must appear to the average outsider.

IN the Presbyterian General Assembly, at its recent meeting at Saratoga, the subject of temperance provoked a decidedly intemperate discussion. The friends of total abstinence and prohibition sharply arraigned the Permanent Committee on Temperance for dereliction of duty in failing to give the subject due prominence in the church work, and some of the conspicuous opponents of prohibition were severely criticised as eager "to discuss higher criticism, but unwilling to lift men from the gutter." The Assembly finally adopted resolutions declaring against prohibition as a distinctive measure, but hailing with joy and thanksgiving the efforts to check intemperance and the sale of intoxicating beverages by the power of the Christian conscience, of public opinion and the strong arm of the law.

THE danger of a general strike of iron-workers has been happily averted. The manufacturers at Pittsburgh last week signed the scale presented by the workmen, and work will now be continued at last year's wages. Some of the Western manufacturers insist that this concession to the workmen will be ruinous; but the consequences of a general strike would certainly have been infinitely more disastrous. Last year some 46,000 men stopped work for three months, entailing a loss to them of millions of dollars in wages, and of a vast sum to the employers, to say nothing of the damage done to business generally throughout the entire iron-producing district. There is naturally intense satisfaction at Pittsburgh and elsewhere over the harmonious adjustment of the dispute, and this feeling will be shared by the country at large.

NOTHING in contemporary politics is more amusing than the gingerly manner in which leading Democrats treat the tariff question. Even Mr. Pulitzer, the new and enterprising editor of the New York World, who has been getting the lights of the party to write him letters presenting their views on the true policy for 1884, will scarcely dispute this statement. The noticeable feature of these letters is the desperate attempt made by the writers to carry water on both shoulders, without having either the free trade or the high tariff bucket slop over. The result is a most striking realization of the ancient definition of language as a means for concealing thought, and a most comical illustration of the poverty of principles which affects the so-called leaders of our politics to-day. It is becoming more and more evident that the Democracy cannot be relied upon to make a positive fight for Free Trade, and it is equally plain that the Republicans will avoid, if they can, a definite commitment of any sort on this important economic question.

TIME was when an honorary degree from an institution of learning in this country meant something, and the D.D. added to a clergyman's name, or the LL.D. conferred upon a lawyer, signified his possession of peculiar merit. But of late years these degrees have been distributed so profusely and carelessly that they have ceased to possess any significance, and cases have not been uncommon where distinguished men have declined to accept so cheap an honor. Harvard College has been a great sinner in this respect, by following the practice of conferring the degree of LL.D. upon each succeeding incumbent of the Executive chair in Massachusetts, without the slightest reference to the question whether he deserved so high a tribute. In the natural course of events Benjamin F. Butler would come in for this degree at the approaching Commencement, and for some weeks a lively controversy has been raging over the propriety of following the ancient custom. No love has ever been lost between the Governor and the college, and one party in the Board of Overseers urged that the institution could not afford to honor such a demagogue as they consider Butler to be, while the other party insisted that the honor was not to the man, but to the office, and should, accordingly, be granted as usual. The controversy has ended in the victory of the Governor's opponents, and the degree which has been conferred upon more than one manufacturer guilty of legal lore will, therefore, be refused an eminent lawyer. The decision, however, is in the line of reform; for it establishes the principle of applying some sort of a standard, instead of continuing to give the degree to everybody who may happen to be elected Governor.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

IX.

THE CENSUS REPORT ON THE SIZE OF FARMS.

I MUST ask the patience of the readers of these articles if in this I make a digression. In the last issue of this journal appears the following letter from Gen. Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the Ninth and Tenth Censuses:

"BOSTON, May 10th, 1883.

"To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

"Sir—In Mr. Henry George's fifth paper on the 'Problems of the Time' he declares that the statement of the Census Bureau to the effect that the average size of farms is decreasing in the United States, is inconsistent not only with 'facts obvious all over the United States,' but with 'the returns furnished by the Census Bureau itself'; and at a later point, after citing the Census Statistics of the number of farms of certain classes, as to size, in 1870, and again in 1880, he says: 'How, in the face of these figures, the Census Bureau can report a decline in the average size of farms in the United States from 153 acres in 1870 to 134 acres in 1880, I cannot understand.'

"Perhaps I can offer an explanation which may assist Mr. George towards an understanding of what seems to him incomprehensible.

"The average size of farms in 1870 having been 153 acres, any increase during the intervening decade in the number of farms below this limit would tend to lower the average size of farms in 1880; any increase in the number of farms above that limit would tend to raise the average for 1880.

"Now, in fact, there has been a greater increase, on the whole, in the number of farms below 153 acres than in the number above 153 acres, and, consequently, the average size has been reduced.

"If I have not made the reason of the case plain, I shall be happy to resort to a more elementary statement, illustrated with diagrams, if desired.

"Respectfully yours,

"FRANCIS A. WALKER."

To my comprehension, General Walker has "not made the reason of the case plain," nor has he explained the discrepancies I pointed out. I shall be happy to have his more elementary statement, and, if he will be so kind, to have it illustrated with diagrams. But, in the meantime, as his reassertion of the statement of the Census Report carries the weight of official authority and professional reputation, I propose in this paper to show in more detail my reasons for disputing its accuracy.

It is specifically asserted in the reports of the Tenth Census that the average size of farms in the United States decreased during the decade ending in 1880 from 153 acres to 134 acres, and this assertion has been quoted all over the country as a conclusive reason why the people of the United States should not trouble themselves about the reckless manner in which what is now left of their once great public domain is being disposed of and the rapid rate at which it is passing in enormous tracts into the private estates of non-resident speculators, English lords and foreign syndicates. All over the country the press has pointed to this declaration of the Census Bureau as conclusive proof, which no one could question (and which, up to the publication of the fifth paper of this series, no one seems to have thought of questioning), that these things need excite no uneasiness, since the steady tendency is to the subdivision of large landholdings. The inference would not be valid even if the alleged fact were true. But that I will not now discuss. I dispute the fact.

General Walker states that, during the last decade, "there has been a greater increase, on the whole, in the number of farms below 153 acres than in the number above 153 acres." This I shall show from General Walker's own official report is not true—is, in fact, the very reverse of the truth. But such a misstatement of fact, astonishing as it is, is not so astonishing as the misstatement of principle which precedes and follows it—viz., to quote the remainder of the sentence, "and consequently the average size has been reduced."

I have occasionally met thoughtless people who talked of discounts of 150 and 200 per cent.; I once knew a man who insisted that another man was twice as old as he was, because on a certain birthday, years before, he had been twice as old; but I never yet met anybody, except very little children, to whom all coins were pennies, who would say that when a shopkeeper received one piece of money and handed out two, he had consequently reduced the amount of money in his drawer! Yet this is just such a statement as that made by General Walker. In asserting that the greater increase in the number of farms under a certain size than in the number above that size must reduce the average size, General Walker ignores area, just as any one who would say that an amount of money had been reduced by adding one coin and taking away two would ignore value. Take for instance, a farm of 100 acres. Add to it two farms of 50 acres each and one farm of 400 acres. Here there has been a greater increase in the number of farms below 100 acres than in the number above 100 acres, but so far from the average having consequently been reduced, it has been increased from 100 to 150 acres!

The truth is, of course, that number is only one of the factors of average, which is in itself an expression of proportion between number and some other property of things, such as size, weight, length, value, etc. An average does not, as General Walker says, increase or diminish according to the numerical preponderance, on one side or the other, of the items added, but according to the preponderance in number and quality. Thus, though the addition of any farm of less than 153 acres would tend to reduce an average of 153 acres, the addition of one farm of three acres would tend much more strongly to reduce the average than the addition of one of 152 acres, and the addition of one farm of 1,000 acres would do much more to increase the average than the addition of several farms of 154 acres. Just as weights

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE graduating class at Princeton College this month numbers 112.

SIXTEEN persons were arrested in an opium "joint" in this city in one day last week.

It is said that no further steps will be taken, for the present at least, in the Irish extradition cases.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature has passed a Bill making life insurance policies incontestable after two years.

THE Tewksbury (Mass.) Alms-house investigation is not yet concluded. Witnesses for the defense occupied the stand during last week.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR spent last week in this city. He will take up his summer residence at the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, during the present week.

FOUR steamers sailing from this port on Saturday last carried 250 cabin passengers for Europe. One steamer to sail this week will carry as many as 300 passengers.

THE single-scutt three-mile race between Hanlan and Kennedy for \$2,500 a side, at Point of Pines, Mass., on the 31st ult., was won by Hanlan in 19.04 against 19.62.

A CONSIGNMENT of 966 cases of opium, the largest quantity ever brought at one time, reached San Francisco last week from China. The duties amounted to nearly \$238,000.

A NEW YORK firm has just negotiated with an English syndicate a sale of two million acres of land in the State of Chihuahua, in the Republic of Mexico, to be used as a cattle ranch.

THE steel rail production in this country last year was 22,280 tons, of which 6,949 tons was Bessemer and 4,170 open hearth. This is less than 1,000 tons in excess of the production of 1881.

DURING the month of May 69,393 immigrants arrived at this port, a decrease of 19,375 as compared with the same month last year. On the first day of this month the arrivals numbered 3,545.

IN the Star Route trials, Mr. Merrick occupied all of last week in an argument for the prosecution. His denunciations of the defendants in the light of the testimony in the case was terribly severe.

THE semi-centennial celebration of the first permanent settlement in the State of Iowa, which was made at Dubuque, June 1st, 1883, was held in that city last week under the auspices of the Dubuque Club.

THE Ohio Republican State Committee has refused to postpone the State Convention until after the Supreme Court had declared on the constitutionality of the Scott Liquor Tax Bill, soon to be passed upon.

THE number of internal revenue districts is to be reduced from 126 to 95. The reduction is strongly opposed by the office-holding class and political managers, who declare it to be a mere throwing away of valuable "patronage."

THE State Department has intelligence that the treaty of commerce with Corea which Commodore Shufeldt negotiated a year ago, and which the Senate ratified last Winter, has now been in turn ratified by the Government of Corea.

EX-GOVERNOR HORATIO SEYMOUR celebrated his seventy-third birthday on May 31st, dining with family friends at the house of his sister, Mrs. Roscoe Conkling, and receiving many congratulatory messages. He says his health is better than it has been for a considerable time.

THE reduction of the public debt during May amounted to \$4,890,476. The reduction in the eleven months ending on the 1st instant, amounted to \$115,725,000, and for the entire year will probably not exceed \$125,000,000, as against \$150,000,000 during the last fiscal year.

THE New Hampshire State Prohibitory Convention, held at Concord last week, adopted resolutions asking the next Legislature to take the necessary steps to have submitted to the people a Prohibitory Constitutional Amendment, and deprecating any weakening of the present prohibitory law.

A NATIONAL conference of prominent advocates of free trade was held at Detroit, Michigan, last week, with Hon. David A. Wells as president. An address was issued deprecating the evils of Protection, and a permanent organization was formed to prosecute the Free Trade campaign throughout the country.

SEVERAL towns in Indiana were seriously damaged last week by tornadoes. In one town five persons were killed and twelve injured; houses were blown to pieces, and one child was blown away. In another place, eight persons were killed. The storms were in nearly every case accompanied by hail and lightning.

THE mining troubles at Belleville, Ill., have subsided, but not until the military had fired upon the rioters, killing one of them. The coroner's jury which investigated the killing have declared that it was unjustifiable, although the trouble was caused by the miners. Efforts are now making to arbitrate the difficulty.

THE politicians have induced Governor Cleveland to sign the new Aqueduct Bill for furnishing New York city with a large supply of water, notwithstanding the vigorous protests of the press and general public. In the Supply Bill items were disapproved aggregating \$250,000, including that of \$20,000 to the Catholic Protector.

A MOB of fifty students of Madison University visited the town of Earlville, in New York State, one night last week, and after hazing two of their number, who were placed in barrels into which nails had been driven with points protruding inside, and rolled down two pairs of stairs, paraded the streets, firing revolvers, and breaking nearly every street lamp in the village. The people are very indignant, and threaten to take legal proceedings.

Foreign.

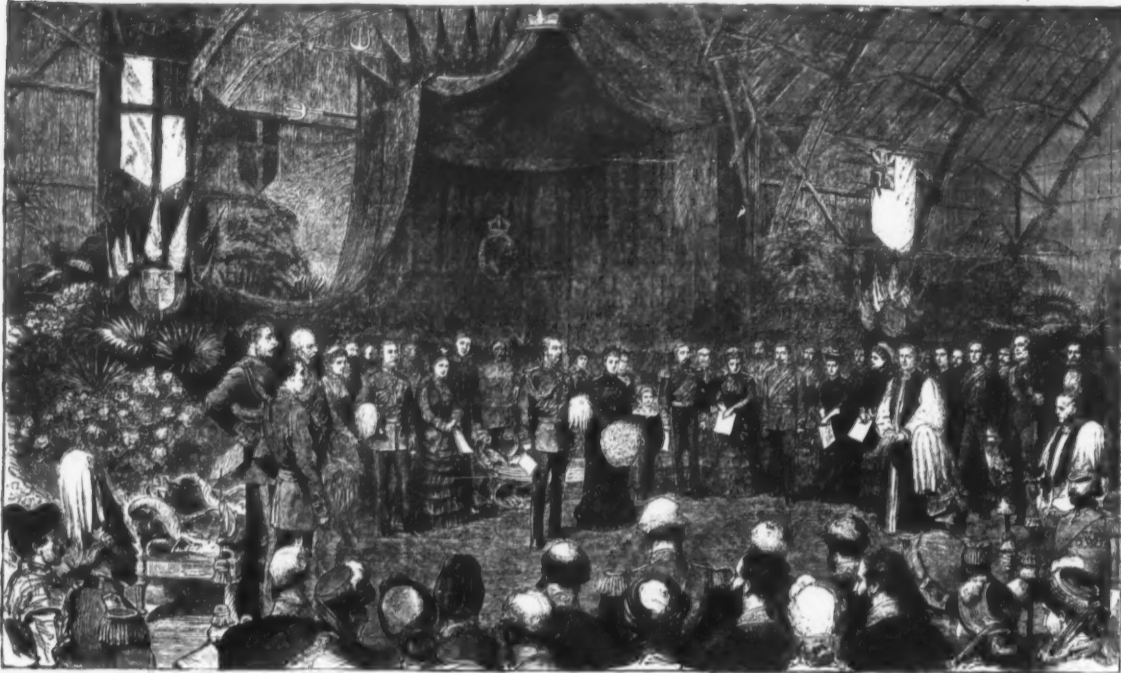
THE Vatican has abandoned for the present the hope of establishing diplomatic relations with England.

AT a meeting of 400 French merchants last week, a resolution was adopted requesting the Government to insure the representation of France at the Boston exhibition.

THE French have bombarded two ports on the northwest coast of Madagascar, causing great destruction of British and other merchandise. The Malagasy authorities are pressing forward their military preparations.

A MEXICAN Congressional Committee has reported a Bill authorizing the Executive to liquidate the national debt, excepting only the debts of the Empire, those of the Maximilian and Zuloaga Governments, and claims already rejected.

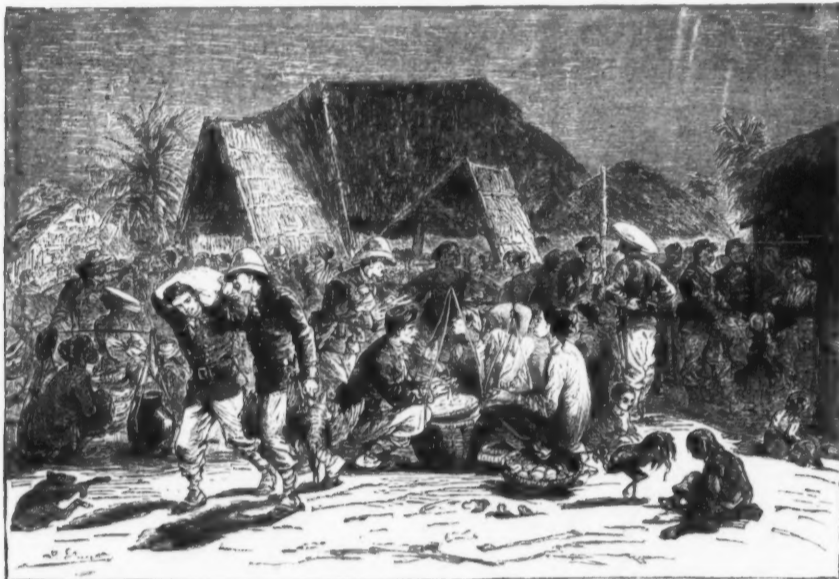
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 251.



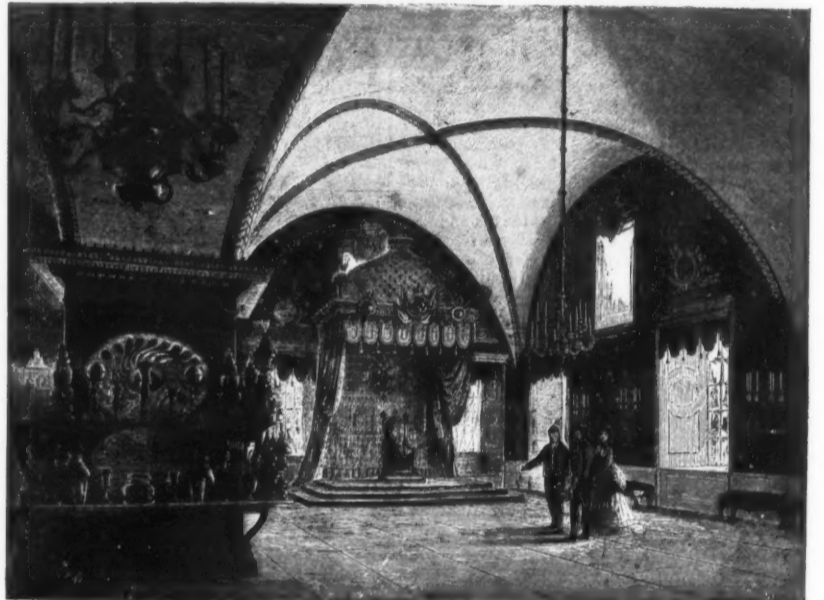
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY OFFERING PRAYER.



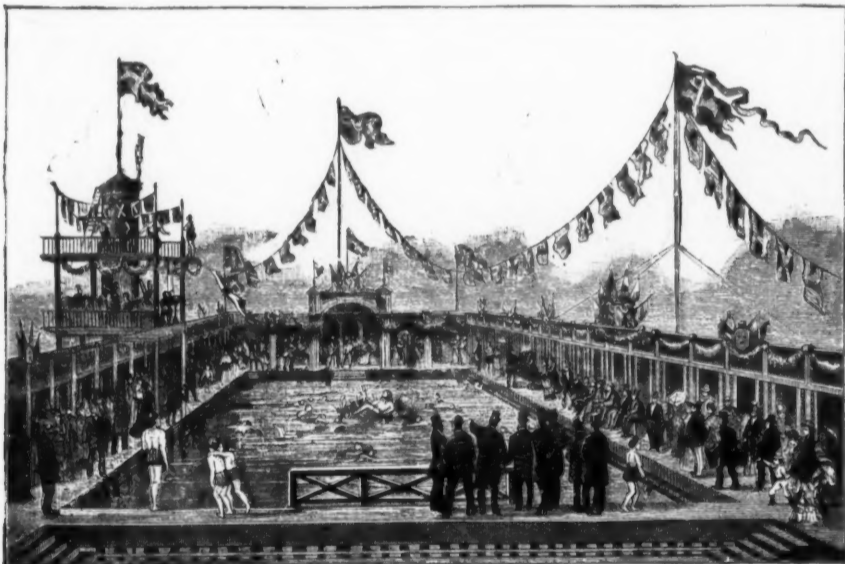
OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE EXPEDITION TO TONQUIN.—FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THE ANNAMITE MARKET.



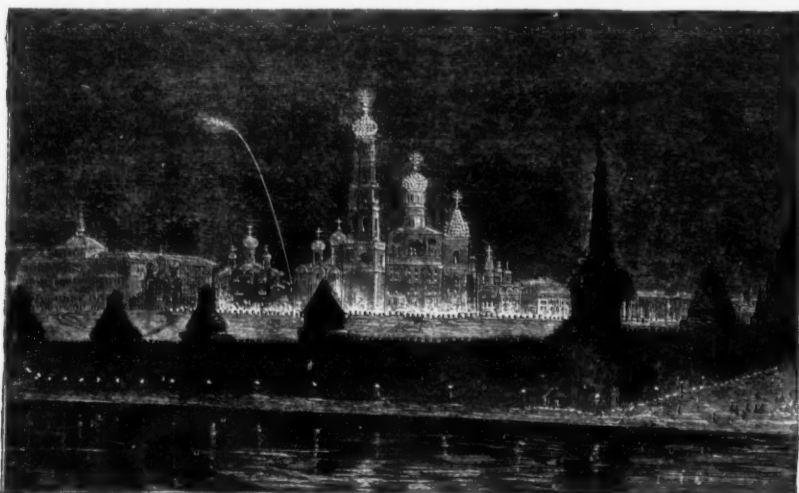
THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.—THE HALL OF CEREMONIES, CALLED THE "DIAMOND CHAMBER," IN THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.



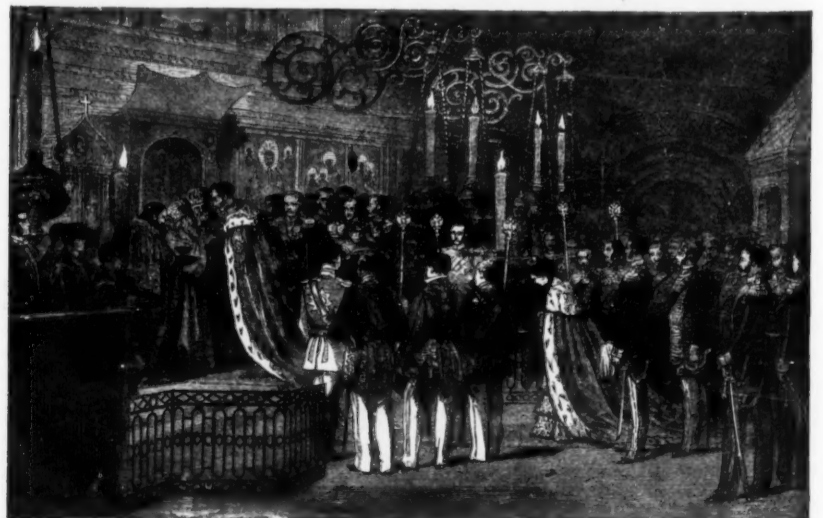
SWEDEN.—A COMPETITIVE MATCH IN THE SWIMMING-SCHOOL AT STOCKHOLM.



THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.—THE EMPEROR ASSUMING THE SCEPTRE AND ORB.



THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.—ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION OF THE CUPOLA AND BELL-TOWER OF THE IVAN VELIKA CATHEDRAL, MOSCOW.



THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.—THE METROPOLITAN OF NOVGOROD ANOINTING THE EMPEROR.

"THE TUG OF WAR."

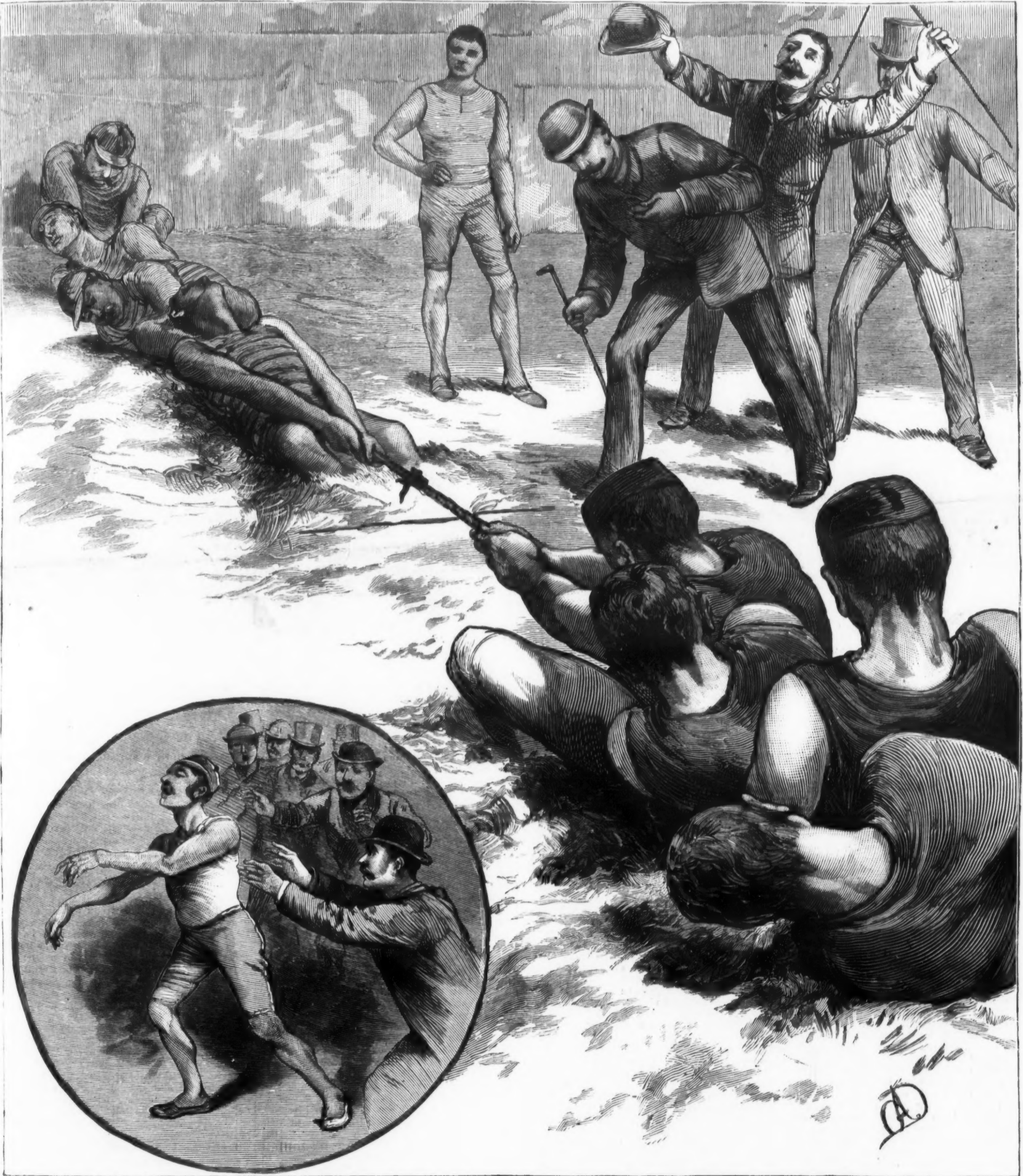
THE Eighth Annual Meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, held on the Polo Grounds in New York city on the 26th ult., attracted a concourse of some 4,000 spectators, who manifested the greatest enthusiasm over the events of the day. Twelve of the seventeen colleges and universities in the association were represented in the field, and all the contests were full of interest. This was especially true of the tugs of war, the first of which was between Harvard and Columbia. The latter had its choice, and gave its opponents the sun in their faces; but Columbia had ground that didn't hold well, and, with their lighter men, the situation was against them from the start. Harvard drew the bit of yellow ribbon towards its side at the commencement, and at the end of three minutes had it

new pathway between the two cities, and repeated jams occurred, which, however, were broken in every case without accident. On Monday and Tuesday of last week the rush appeared to have ceased, and travel and traffic seemed to be settling down to their normal proportions. But Wednesday was Decoration Day, and many hard-working people availed themselves of the holiday to make their first trip across the bridge. All went well until after the middle of the afternoon, when a frightful panic occurred. About four o'clock a blockade had formed a short distance beyond the flight of steps on the New York anchorage, which steps are above the point where the cables emerge from the anchorage. There are fourteen of these steps, broken in the middle by a landing. The crowd was mainly coming from Brooklyn, and the blockade arose from the slowness with which the people made the descent of

and bleeding pieces of humanity at the foot of each flight of stairs, and the panic-stricken crowd was trampling them to death. The scene now became a dreadful past description. Unfortunately, very insufficient police precautions had been adopted, and it was many minutes before any efficient measures could be taken to keep back the crowd, which constantly advanced from each direction, and to rescue the wretched victims lying in a struggling heap on the floor. When at last order was restored, it was found that no less than twelve persons—men, women and children—had been crushed to death, while thirty-five others had received more or less severe wounds. The terrible scene on the bridge was followed by others no less affecting at the hospitals, to which the dead and wounded were carried, as friends of the victims recognized husband, wife or child in the battered wrecks of humanity.

with them: there are deep ravines, rough declivities, and in some places almost an entire absence of vegetation. Prosperous ranches that used to stand along the base of the mountains have been swept away by the savages, and an occasional isolated hamlet is all that is left of the villages. The great difficulty that General Crook has to contend with is the scarcity of water.

The Chiricahuan Apaches, of whom General Crook is in pursuit, are incorrigible in their murderous habits. In the space of ten years they have killed not less than one thousand persons in this country and in Mexico. They constantly stirred up strife among the agency Indians, and were the terror of the border. Secretary Teller, in a dispatch to General Crook, dated March 27th, said: "I agree with you that the renegade band must be subjugated or destroyed. The interests of the whites



NEW YORK CITY.—THE EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, AT THE POLO GROUNDS, MAY 26TH—"THE TUG OF WAR" BETWEEN HARVARD AND COLUMBIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

six inches over the line. Five minutes later it had added nine inches to its string, and at the expiration of the ten minutes allowed it had twenty-five inches. The applause was deafening. Harvard men and Harvard women shouting and waving hands, handkerchiefs and parasols. Our illustration depicts the pull between Harvard and Columbia.

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE Brooklyn Bridge, dedicated with such *clat* on the 24th of May, had not been in use a week before it became the scene of a most shocking disaster. For the first three days after the opening im-

mense crowds of curious people pushed across the these rather narrow steps. While the crush was at its worst, a woman descending the steps slipped and fell; another woman seeing the mishap uttered a scream, those behind rushed forward to see what was the trouble, and in an instant three or four persons were carried off their feet and fell. Those on the promenade above the stairway, knowing nothing of the fearful crush on the steps, surged ahead with irresistible force, and in a moment the whole stairway was packed with dead and dying men, women and children, piled one upon another in a writhing, struggling mass. Cries, shrieks, yells and groans filled the air at the stairway, while those on the promenade above yelled and shouted as they were pushed forward and rolled and tumbled over the poor unfortunates who were being crushed and trampled to death beneath them. Within a few minutes there were piles of crushed

The holiday, which had opened so auspiciously, closed for many in pangs of despair, and the history of the great bridge is marred by a terrible calamity.

GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE CAMPAIGN.

THE region in Mexico in which General Crook is operating against the Apaches—that of the headwaters of the Yugu River, which runs across Sonora and empties into the Gulf of California—is a very broken and rugged one, and has long been the Apaches' refuge. The Sierra Madre Mountains abound in fastnesses, which are almost impenetrable by any except the Indians who are familiar

and peaceable Indians alike demand this." General Crook has with him, as stated in a previous issue, about two hundred reservation Apache scouts and one troop of cavalry, with a few white scouts and trailers. His cavalry was supposed to consist of two companies of the Third and one company of the Sixth. He had a pack train of forty mules carrying a supply of provisions for thirty days. He also had old Indian warriors who have themselves in years past been on the warpath against Mexicans into and from the very heart of this stupendous range of the Sierra Madre. He took with him as far as the border eight or ten companies, with which he formed a cordon along the line. The total number of hostiles in the field is said to be about three hundred, composed of Juh's band and the bands of Locos and Chatos. A force of 1,000 Mexicans co-operates with General Crook, being so

stationed as to cover every gap through which the Indians might hope to escape.

The report that General Crook had overtaken and defeated the Apaches near Guaymas, killing some fifty of the savages, is credited in Mexico, and army officers just from the Mexican frontier are confident that no disaster has overtaken him. Meanwhile a very significant statement comes from Wilcox, in Arizona, to the effect that Loco's wife, son, son-in-law, daughter and grandchildren, with fourteen women and six bucks, have surrendered to the military authorities, near San Carlos. The Indians are direct from Mexico, and report that all the hostiles are ready and anxious to surrender. If this report is true, it affords almost positive evidence that General Crook has beaten the Indians, and beaten them badly. These Indians were among the number of Chiricahuas who left their reservation over a year ago last April.

HAND AND RING.

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By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK I.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM TOLEDO.

CHAPTER X.—THE FINAL TEST.

"Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say." —COLTON.

THE fact was, he wanted to think. Detective though he was and accustomed to the bravado with which every sort of criminal will turn to meet their fate when fully driven to bay, there had been something in the final manner of this desperate, but evidently cultured, gentleman, which had impressed him against his own will, and made him question whether the suspected man was not rather the victim of a series of extraordinary circumstances, than the selfish and brutal criminal which the evidence given seemed to suggest.

Not that Mr. Byrd ever allowed his generous heart to blind him to the plain language of facts. His secret and not to be smothered doubts in another direction were proof enough of this; and had it not been for those very doubts, the probabilities are that he would have agreed with the cooler-headed portion of the crowd which listened unmoved to that last indignant burst of desperate manhood.

But with those doubts still holding possession of his mind, he could not feel so sure of Mr. Hildreth's guilt; and the struggle that was likely to ensue between his personal feelings on one side and his sense of duty on the other did not promise to be so light as to make it possible for him to remain within eye and earshot of an unsympathetic crowd.

"If only the superintendent had not left it to my judgment to interfere," thought he, pacing the streets with ever-increasing uneasiness, "the responsibility would have been shifted from my shoulders, and I would have left the young man to his fate in peace. But now, I would be criminally at fault if I were to let him drift hopelessly to his doom, when by a lift of my finger I might possibly turn the attention of justice towards the real culprit."

Yet the making up of his mind to interfere was a torture to Horace Byrd. If he was not conscious of any love for Imogene Dare, he was sufficiently under the dominion of the extraordinary fascination exercised by her appearance and manner, to feel that any movement on his part towards the unraveling of the mystery that enveloped her, would be like subjecting his own self to the rack of public inquiry and suspicion.

Nor, though he walked the streets for hours, each moment growing more and more settled in his conviction of Mr. Hildreth's innocence, could he bring himself to the point of embracing the duty presented to him, till he had subjected Miss Dare to a new test, and won for himself absolute certainty as to the fact of her possessing a clew to the crime, which had not been discovered in the coroner's inquiry.

"The possibility of innocence on her part is even greater than on that of Mr. Hildreth's," he considered, "and nothing, not even the peril of those dearest to me, could justify me in shifting the weight of suspicion from a guiltless man to an equally guiltless woman."

It was, therefore, for the purpose of solving this doubt, that he finally sought Mr. Ferris, and after learning that Mr. Hildreth was under surveillance, and would in all probability be subjected to arrest on the morrow, asked for some errand that would take him to Mr. Orcutt's house.

"I have a great admiration for that gentleman and would like to make his acquaintance," he remarked carelessly, hiding his true purpose under his usual nonchalant tones. "But I do not want to seem to be pushing myself forward; so if you could give me some papers to carry to him or some message requiring an introduction to his presence, I should feel very much obliged."

Mr. Ferris, who had no suspicions of his own to assist him in understanding the motives that led to this request, easily provided the detective with the errand he sought. Mr. Byrd at once started for the lawyer's house.

It was fully two miles away, but once arrived there, he was thankful that the walk had been so long, as the fatigue following upon the activity of the afternoon, had succeeded in quieting his pulses and calming down the fierce excitement which had held him under its control ever since he had taken the determination to satisfy his doubts by an interview with Miss Dare.

Ring the bell of the rambling old mansion that spread out its wide extensions through the vines and bushes of an old-fashioned and most luxuriant garden, he waited the issue with beating heart. A respectable-looking negro servant came to the door.

"Is Mr. Orcutt in?" he asked; "or, if not,

Miss Dare? I have a message from Mr. Ferris and would be glad to see one of them."

This, in order to ascertain at a word if the lady was at home.

"Miss Dare is not in," was the civil response, "and Mr. Orcutt is very busily engaged; but if you will step into the parlor I will tell him you are here."

"No," returned the disappointed detective, handing her the note he held in his hand. "If your master is busy I will not disturb him." And, turning away, he went slowly down the steps.

"If I only knew where she was gone!" he muttered, bitterly.

But he did not consider himself in a position to ask.

Inwardly chafing over his ill luck, Mr. Byrd proceeded with reluctant pace to regain the street, when, hearing the gate suddenly click, he looked up, and saw advancing towards him a young gentleman of a peculiarly spruce and elegant appearance.

"Ha! another visitor for Miss Dare," was the detective's natural inference. And with a sudden movement he withdrew from the path, and paused as if to light his cigar in the shadow of the thick bushes that grew against the house.

In an instant the young stranger was on the stoop. Another, and he had rung the bell which was answered almost as soon as his hand dropped from the knob.

"Is Miss Dare in?" was the inquiry, uttered in loud and cheery tones.

"No, sir. She is spending a few days with Miss Tremaine," was the clear and satisfactory reply. "Shall I tell her you have been here?"

"No. I will call myself at Miss Tremaine's," rejoined the gentleman. And, with a gay swing of his cane and a cheerful look overhead where the stars were already becoming visible, he sauntered easily off, followed by the envious thoughts of Mr. Byrd.

"Miss Tremaine," repeated the latter mutely. "Who knows Miss Tremaine?"

While he was asking himself this question, the voice of the young man rose melodiously in a scrap of old song, and instantly Mr. Byrd recognized in the seeming stranger the well-known tenor singer of the church he had himself attended the Sunday before—a gentleman, too, to whom he had been introduced by Mr. Ferris, and with whom he had exchanged something more than the passing civilities of moment.

To increase his pace, overtake the young man, recall himself to his attention and join him in his quick walk down the street was the work of a moment. The natural sequence followed. Mr. Byrd made himself so agreeable that by the time they arrived at Miss Tremaine's the other felt loath to part with him, and it resulted in his being urged to join this chance acquaintance in his call.

Nothing could have pleased Mr. Byrd better. So, waiving for once his instinctive objections to any sort of personal intrusion, he signified his acquiescence to the proposal and at once accompanied his new friend into the house of the unknown Miss Tremaine. He found it lit up as for guests. All the rooms on the ground floor were open, and in one of them he could discern a dashing and coquettish young miss holding court over a cluster of eager aviators.

"Ah, I forgot," exclaimed Mr. Byrd's companion, whose name, by-the-way, was Duryea. "It is Miss Tremaine's reception night. She is the daughter of one of the professors of the high school," he went on, whispering his somewhat late explanations into the ear of Mr. Byrd. "Every Thursday evening she throws her house open for callers, and the youth of the academy are only too eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of coming here. Well, it is all the better for us. Miss Dare despises boys, and in all likelihood we shall have her entirely to ourselves."

A quick pang contracted the breast of Mr. Byrd. If this easy, almost rakish, fellow at his side but knew the hideous errand which brought him to this house, what a scene would have ensued!

But he had no time for reflection, or even for that irresistible shrinking from his own designs which he now began to experience. Before he realized that he was fully committed to this venture, he found himself in the parlor bowing before the naive and laughing-eyed Miss Tremaine, who rose to receive him with all the airy graciousness of a finished coquette.

Miss Dare was not visible, and Mr. Byrd was just wondering if he would be called upon to enter into a sustained conversation with his pretty hostess, when a deep, rich voice was heard in the adjoining room, and, looking up, he saw the stately figure he so longed and yet dreaded to encounter, advancing towards them through the open door. She was very pale, and, to Mr. Byrd's eyes, looked thoroughly worn out, if not ill. Yet, she bore herself with a steadiness that was evidently the result of her will; and manifested neither reluctance nor impatience when the eager Mr. Duryea pressed forward with his compliments, though from the fixedness of her gaze and the immobility of her lip, Mr. Byrd too truly discovered that her thoughts were far away from the scene of mirth and pleasure in which she found herself.

"You see I have presumed to follow you, Miss Dare," was the greeting with which Mr. Duryea hailed her approach. And he immediately became so engrossed with his gallantries he forgot to introduce his companion.

Mr. Byrd was rather relieved at this. He was not yet ready to submit her to the test he considered necessary to a proper understanding of the situation; and he had not the heart to approach her with any mere civility on his tongue, while matters of such vital importance to her happiness, if not to her honor, trembled in the balance.

He preferred to talk to Miss Tremaine, and this he continued to do till the young fellows at his side one by one edged away, leaving no

one in that portion of the room but himself and Miss Tremaine, Mr. Duryea and Miss Dare.

The latter two stood together some few feet behind him, and were discussing, in a somewhat languid way, the merits of a *musical* which they had lately attended. They were approaching, however, and he felt that if he did not speak at once he might not have another opportunity for doing so during the whole evening. Turning, therefore, to Miss Tremaine, with more seriousness than her gay and totally inconsequent conversation had hitherto allowed, he asked, in what he meant to be a simply colloquial and courteous manner, if she had heard the news.

"News," she repeated, "no; is there any news?"

"Yes, I call it news. But, perhaps, you are not interested in the murder that has lately taken place in this town?"

"Oh, yes, I am," she exclaimed, all eagerness at once, while he felt rather than perceived that the couple at his back stood suddenly still, as if his words had worked their spell over one heart there, at least. "Papa knew Mrs. Clemmens very well," the little lady proceeded, with a bewitchingly earnest look. "Have they found the murderer, do you think? Anything less than that would be no news to me."

"There is every reason to suppose—" he began, and stopped, something in the deadly silence behind him making it impossible for him to proceed. Happily he was not obliged to. An interruption occurred in the shape of a newcomer, and he was left with the fatal word on his lips to await the approach of that severely-measured step behind him, which by this time he knew was bringing the inscrutable Miss Dare to his side.

"Miss Dare, allow me to present to you Mr. Byrd. Mr. Byrd, Miss Dare."

The young detective bowed. With rigid attention to the forms of etiquette, he uttered the first few acknowledgments necessary to the occasion, and then glanced up.

She was looking him full in the face.

"We have met before," he was about to observe, but not detecting the least signs of recognition in her gaze, restrained the words and hastily dropped his eyes.

"Mr. Duryea informs me that you are a stranger in the town," she remarked, moving slowly to one side in a way to rid herself of that gentleman's too immediate presence. "Have you a liking for the place, or do you meditate any lengthy stay?"

"No. That is," he rejoined, somewhat shaken in his theories by the self-possession of her tone and the ease and quietness with which she evidently prepared to enter into a sustained conversation, "I may go away tomorrow, and I may linger on for an indefinite length of time. It all depends upon certain matters that will be determined for me tonight. Sibley is a very pretty place," he observed, startled at his own timidity in venturing the last remark.

"Yes." The word came as if forced, and she looked at Mr. Duryea.

"Do you wish anything, Miss Dare?" that gentleman suddenly asked. "You do not look well."

"I am not well," she acknowledged. "No, thank you," she cried, as he pushed a chair towards her. "It is too warm here. If you do not object, we will go into the other room." And with a courteous glance that included both gentlemen in its invitation, she led the way into the adjoining apartment. Could it have been with the purpose of ridding herself of the assiduities of Mr. Duryea? The room contained half a dozen or more musical people, and no sooner did they perceive their favorite tenor approach than they seized upon him and, without listening to his excuses, carried him off to the piano, leaving Miss Dare alone with Mr. Byrd.

She seemed instantly to forget her indisposition. Drawing herself up till every queenly attribute she possessed flashed brilliantly before his eyes, she asked, with sudden determination, if she had been right in understanding him to say that there was news in regard to the murder of Mrs. Clemmens?

Subduing, by a strong inward effort, every token of the emotion which her own introduction of this topic naturally evoked, he replied, in his easiest tones:

"Yes; there was an inquest held to day, and the authorities evidently think they have discovered the person who killed her." And obliging himself to meet half-way the fate that awaited him, he gave her a casual glance that hid beneath its easy politeness the greatest anxiety of his life.

The test worked well. From the pallor of sickness, grief or apprehension, her complexion whitened to the deadlier hue of mortal terror. "Impossible!" her lips seemed to breathe; and Mr. Byrd could almost fancy that he saw the hair rise on her forehead.

Cursing in his heart the bitter necessity that had forced him into this duty, he was about to address her in a way calculated to break the spell occasioned by his last words, when the rich and tuneful voice of the melodious singer rose suddenly on the air, and they heard the words—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer, Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here; Here still is the smile that no cloud can overcast, And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last."

Instantly Mr. Byrd perceived that he should not be obliged to speak. Though the music, or possibly the words, struck her like a blow, it likewise served to recall her to herself. Dropping her gaze, which had remained fixed upon his own, she turned her face aside, saying with forced composure:

"This near contact with crime is dreadful." Then slowly, and with a quietness that showed how great was her power of self-control when she was not under the influence of surprise, she inquired: "And who do they think this

person is? What name do they presume to associate with the murderer of this woman?"

With something of the feeling of a surgeon who nerves himself to bury the steel in his patient's flesh, he gave his response unhesitatingly.

"A gentleman's, I believe. A young man connected with her in some strange way by financial interests. A Mr. Hildreth, of Toledo—Gouverneur Hildreth, I think they call him."

It was not the name she expected. He saw this by the relaxation that took place in all her features, by the look of almost painful relief that flashed for a moment into the eyes she turned like lightning upon him.

"Gouverneur Hildreth!" she repeated. And he knew from the tone that it was not only a different name from what she anticipated, but that it was also a strange one to her. "I never heard of such a person," she went on after a minute, during which the relentless mellow voice of the unconscious singer filled the room with the passionate appeal:

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same, Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame!"

"That is not strange," explained Mr. Byrd, drawing nearer, as if to escape that purring sweetness of incongruous song. "He is not known in this town. He only came here the morning the unfortunate woman was murdered. Whether he really killed her or not," he proceeded, with forced quietness, "no one can tell, of course. But the facts are very much against him, and the poor fellow is under arrest."

"What?"

The word was involuntary. So was the tone of horrified surprise in which it was uttered. But the music, now swelling to a crescendo, drowned both word and tone, or so she seemed to fondly imagine; for, making another effort at self-control, she confined herself to a quiet repetition of his words, "Under arrest?" and then waited with only a suitable display of emotion for whatever further enlightenment he chose to give her.

He mercifully spoke to the point.

"Yes, under arrest. You see he was in the house at or near the time the deadly blow was struck. He was in the front hall, he says, and nowhere near the woman or her unknown assailant, but there is no evidence against any one else, and the facts so far proved, show he had an interest in her death, and so he has to pay the penalty of circumstances. And he may be guilty, who knows," the young detective pursued, seeing she was struck with horror and dismay, "dreadful as it is to imagine that a gentleman of culture and breeding could be brought to commit such a deed."

But she seemed to have ears for but one phrase of all this.

"He was in the front hall," she repeated. "How did he get there? What called him there?"

"He had been visiting the widow, and was on his way out. He paused to collect his thoughts, he said. It seems unaccountable, Miss Dare; but the whole thing is strange and very mysterious."

She was deaf to his explanations.

"Do you suppose he heard the widow scream?" she asked, tremblingly, "or—"

A sinking of the ringing tones whose powerful vibration had made this conversation possible, caused her to pause. When the notes grew loud enough again for her to proceed, she seemed to have forgotten the question she was about to propound, and simply inquired:

"Had he anything to say about what he overheard or—saw?"

"No. If he spoke the truth and stood in the hall as he said, the sounds, if sounds there were, stopped short of the sitting-room door, for he has nothing to say about them."

A change passed over Miss Dare. She dropped her eyes, and an instant's pause followed this last acknowledgment.

"Will you tell me," she inquired, at last, speaking very slowly, in an attempt to infuse into her voice no more than a natural tone of interest, "how it was he came to say he stood in that place during the assault?"

"He did not say that," was again the forced rejoinder of Mr. Byrd. "It was by means of a nice calculation of time and events, that it was found he must have been in the house at or near the fatal moment."

Another pause; another bar of that lovely music.

"And he is a gentleman, you say?" was her hurried remark at last.

"Yes, and a very handsome one."

"And they have put him in prison?"

"Yes, or will on the morrow."

She turned and leaned against a window-frame near by, looking with eyes that saw nothing into the still vast night.

"I suppose he has friends," she faintly suggested.

"Two sisters, if no one nearer and dearer."

"Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss, And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this— Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue, And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there too."

rang the mellow song.

"I am not well," she suddenly cried, leaving the window and turning quickly towards Mr. Byrd. "I am much obliged to you," said she, lowering her voice to a whisper, for the last note of the song was dying away in a quivering *pianissimo*. "I have been deeply interested in this tragedy, and am thankful for any information in regard to it. I must now bid you good-evening."

And with a stately bow into which she infused the mingled courtesy and haughtiness of her nature, she walked steadily away through the crowd that vainly sought to stay her, and disappeared almost without a pause behind the door that opened into the hall.

Mr. Byrd remained for a full half-hour after that, but he never could tell what he did, or with whom he conversed, or how or when he issued from that house and made his way back to his room in the hotel. He only knew that at midnight he was still walking the floor, and had not yet made up his mind to take the step which his own sense of duty now inexorably demanded.

CHAPTER XL.—DECISION.

"Who dares
To say that he alone has found the truth."
—LONGFELLOW.

THE next morning Mr. Ferris was startled by the appearance in his office of Mr. Byrd, looking wretchedly anxious and ill.

"I have come," said the detective, "to ask you what you think of Mr. Hildreth's prospects. Have you made up your mind to have him arrested for this crime?"

"Yes," was the reply. "The evidence against him is purely circumstantial, but it is very strong; and if no fresh developments occur, I think there can be no doubt about my duty. Each and every fact that comes to light only strengthens the case against him. When he came to be examined last night, a ring was found on his person, which he acknowledged to having worn on the day of the murder."

"He took it off during the inquest," murmured Mr. Byrd. "I saw him."

"It is said by Hickory—the somewhat questionable cognomen of your fellow detective from New York—that the young man manifested the most intense uneasiness during the whole inquiry. That in fact his own attention was first drawn to him by the many tokens which he gave of suppressed agitation and alarm. Indeed, Mr. Hickory at one time thought he should be obliged to speak to this stranger in order to prevent a scene. Once Mr. Hildreth got up as if to go, and, indeed, if he had been less hemmed in by the crowd, there is every reason to believe he would have attempted an escape."

"Is Mr. Hickory a man of good judgment?" inquired Mr. Byrd, anxiously.

"Why, yes, I should say so. He seems to understand his business. The way he procured us the testimony of Mr. Hildreth was certainly satisfactory."

"I wish that, without his knowing it, I could hear him give his opinion of this matter," intimated the other.

"Well, you can," rejoined Mr. Ferris, after a quick and comprehensive survey of Mr. Byrd's countenance. "I am expecting him here any moment, and if you see fit to sit down behind that screen, you can hear all he has to say without the least difficulty to yourself or him."

"I will, then," the detective declared, a gloomy frown suddenly corrugating his brow; and he stepped across to the screen which had been indicated to him, and quietly withdrew from view.

He had scarcely done this, when a short, quick step was heard at the door, and a wide-awake voice called out, cheerily:

"Are you alone, sir?"
"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Ferris, "come in, come in. I have been waiting you for some minutes," he declared, ignoring the look which the man threw hastily around the room. "Any news this morning?"

"No," returned the other, in a tone of complete self-satisfaction. "We've caged the bird and mustn't expect much news. I'm on my way to Albany, now, to pick up such facts about him as may be lying around there loose, and shall be ready to start for Toledo any day next week that you may think proper."

"You are, then, convinced that Mr. Hildreth is undeniably the guilty party in this case?" exclaimed the District-attorney, taking a whiff at his cigar.

"Convinced? That is a strong word, sir. A detective is never convinced," protested the man. "He leaves that for the judge and jury. But if you ask me if there is any doubt about the direction in which all the circumstantial evidence in this case points, I must retort by asking you for a clew, or the tag-end of a clew, guiding me elsewhere. I know," he went on, with the volubility of a man whose work is done and who feels he has the right to a momentary indulgence in conversation; "that it is not an agreeable thing to subject a gentleman like Mr. Hildreth to the shame of a public arrest. But facts are not partial, sir; and the gentleman has no more rights in law than the coarsest fellow that we take up for butchering his mother. But you know all this without my telling you, and I only mention it to excuse any obstinacy I may have manifested on the subject. He is mightily cut up about it," he again proceeded, as he found Mr. Ferris forebore to reply. "I am told he didn't sleep a wink all night, but spent his time alternately in pacing the floor like a caged lion, and in a wild sort of stupor that had something of the hint of madness in it. 'If my grandfather had only known' was the burden of his song; and when any one approached him he either told them to keep their eyes off him, or else buried his face in his hands with an entreaty for them not to disturb the last hours of a dying man. He evidently has no hope of escaping the indignity of arrest, and as soon as it was light enough for him to see, he asked for paper and pencil. They were brought him, and a man stood over him while he wrote. It proved to be a letter to his sisters enjoining them to believe in his innocence, and wound up with what was very much like an attempt at a will. Altogether, it looks as if he meditated suicide, and we have been careful to take from him every possible means for his effecting his release in this way, as well as set a strict though secret watch upon him."

A slight noise took place behind the screen which at any other time Mr. Hickory would have been the first to notice and inquire into. As it was, it had only the effect of uncon-

sciously severing his train of thought and starting him alertly to his feet.

"Well," said he, facing the District attorney with cheerful vivacity, "any orders?"

"No," responded Mr. Ferris. "A run down to Albany seems to be the best thing for you at present. On your return we will consult again."

"Very well, sir. I shall not be absent more than two days, and, in the meantime, you will let me know if anything important occurs?" And, handing his address to the District-attorney, Hickory speedily took his leave.

"Well, Byrd, what do you think of him?"

For reply, Mr. Byrd stepped forth and took his stand before the District-attorney.

"Has Coroner Tredwell informed you," said he, "that the superintendent has left it to my discretion to interfere in this matter if I thought that by so doing I could further the ends of justice?"

"Yes," was the language of the quick short nod he received.

"Very well," continued the other, "you will pardon me, then, if I ask you to convey to Mr. Hildreth the following message. That if he is guilty of this crime he need have no fear of the results of the arrest to which he may be subjected. That a man has interested himself in this matter who pledges his word not to rest till he has discovered the guilty party and freed the innocent from suspicion."

"What!" cried Mr. Ferris, astonished at the severe but determined bearing of the young man who, up to this time, he had only seen under his lighter and more indifferent aspect. "You don't agree with this fellow, then, in his conclusions regarding Mr. Hildreth?"

"No, sir. Hickory, as I judge, is an egotist. He discovered Mr. Hildreth and brought him to the notice of the jury, therefore Mr. Hildreth is guilty."

"And you?"

"I am open to doubt about it. Not that I would acknowledge it to any one but you, sir."

"Why?"

"Because if I work in this case at all, or make any efforts to follow up the clew which I believe myself to have received, it must be done secretly, and without raising the suspicion of any one in this town. I am not in a position, as you know, to work openly, even if it were advisable to do so, which it certainly is not. What I do must be accomplished under cover, and I ask you to help me in my self-imposed and by no means agreeable task, by trusting me to pursue my inquiries alone, until such time as I assure myself beyond a doubt that my own convictions are just, and that the man who murdered Mrs. Clemmens is some one entirely separated from Mr. Hildreth and any interests that he represents."

"You are, then, going to take up this case?" The answer given was short, but it meant the deliberate shivering of the fairest dream of love that had ever visited Mr. Byrd's imagination.

"I am."

END OF BOOK I.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The International Fisheries Exhibition.

The opening of the International Fisheries Exhibition in London, on the 12th ult., was marked by great éclat. The building was thronged by visitors, including representatives of the royal family and of the nobility. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons, headed the procession, which made a tour of the exhibition building to the western end of the Promenade Gallery, where a dais had been erected for the royal visitors. Here the National Anthem having been sung, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, as President of the General Committee, read an address to the Prince, who briefly replied; the Archbishop of Canterbury offered a short prayer; "Old Hundred" was sung; then the Prince announced, "In the Queen's name I declare this Exhibition open," an announcement greeted by a flourish of the State trumpeters. After some spirited singing from the choir, the royal party resumed their tour, being greeted in the Belgian and Dutch Courts by the fish-maidens of those nationalities, the former scattering rose-leaves before the ladies, and presenting the Princess with a bouquet. After the various sections had been visited, the royal party left the building, and the ceremony was over. Chief amongst the features of the day were the various detachments of fish-girls from Scotland, France (Boulogne), Holland (Scheveningen), and Belgium (Ostend), and fishermen from Ireland and various parts of Great Britain.

The Stockholm Swimming-school.

The newly opened swimming-school in Stockholm, Sweden, was projected by Captain Nilsson, and is already one of the most popular institutions of the city. The public bath is 133 x 59 feet; the dressing-rooms occupy a space of 7,000 feet, with private baths filling a space of 2,800 feet. The swimming-school covers 1,600 feet, and the greatest depth of water is eight feet. Our illustration shows a recent match between the swimmers belonging to the school.

French Soldiers in an Annamite Market.

The Annamites have an eye to business, and are, thanks to the Tonquin "little difficulty," doing a roaring trade beneath the palm-trees in their market-places. The French soldiers having learned the words necessary to "trade," come to market and prowl, with their accustomed vivacity, amongst the primitive stalls. The articles for sale are usually piled in little heaps, attracting, from their very strangeness, the attention of the troopers. Crocodile steaks (man eaters), fish of ugly appearance; gigantic crabs (absolutely loathsome to look upon); a species of small monkey, spiders, rice and potatoes, will form the component parts of one pile; while fruits, consisting of the mango, the green orange, the goyave—the apple of the tropics—the mangosteen, that singular fruit which, beneath a repulsive skin, reveals a pulp soft and sugary and white as snow, serve to form the pyramid of another pile. The soldiers drive hard bargains, resolving not to be "done" by the heathen Chinese. Some of the pile-owners have already gained a large clientele from being good-humored and by marking their goods at low prices.

The Coronation of the Czar.

The coronation of Alexander III. as Czar of all the Russias took place in the Cathedral of the Holy Assumption in the Kremlin, in Moscow, on Sunday, the 27th ultimo, in the presence of a distinguished assemblage. The pageant is said to have been the most gorgeous which has been witnessed in Europe during the last half-century. The scene in the cathedral at the moment when the Emperor received the crown at the hands of the Metropolitan of Novgorod was especially impressive. The thrones

occupied by the Emperor and Empress were placed upon a dais erected between the two middle columns of the cathedral. Over the dais was a canopy of scarlet velvet, suspended from the arched roof, embroidered with gold and lined with silver brocade, which was worked with the arms of Russia and all her dependencies. In front of the thrones were two tables covered with gold cloth, upon which were placed the crowns, the orb and the sceptre. After the crowning of the Emperor, he called the Empress, who knelt before him, when he touched her head lightly with his crown, and then finally crowned her with her crown. Then, after some further ceremonies, the Emperor ungirt his sword, and, accompanied by the Empress and numerous dignitaries, proceeded to the gate of the sanctuary. There the Metropolitan of Novgorod anointed the Emperor's forehead, eyelids, nostrils, lips, ears, breast and hands (as shown in our illustration), at the same time exclaiming: "Behold the seal of the Holy Ghost. May it keep thee ever holy." The Empress was anointed only on the forehead. Both partook of the sacrament and then left the cathedral, wearing their crowns and mantles, the Emperor also bearing the sceptre and the orb. The festivities of the day ended with an imperial banquet in the Diamond Hall, of which we give a picture. The hall was magnificently decorated, and adorned with a superb display of plate exhibited on buffets. Other festivities followed from day to day. The Czar's manifesto, issued after the coronation, announces the continuance of the present state of affairs in Russia, the conditional pardon of the Poles, the remission of penalties for non-political offenses and other matters. The cost of the coronation is estimated at \$10,000,000, which will be covered by an issue of Treasury bills. Only thirteen newspaper correspondents were allowed inside the cathedral during the ceremony. Six were Russian and seven were foreign, the latter including one English and one American correspondent. An Academy professor and twelve Russian artists have been appointed to make a complete album of the events of the coronation.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

After being broken on a testing machine, bars of steel and iron are found to be magnetic. M. Basinger finds that the phenomenon is not due to an elongation of the bar, but to the shock and trembling of the metal on breaking; and both parts are converted into magnets of sensibly equal power.

Mr. W. H. Pickering, carrying out a suggestion made by Professor Brewer, of Yale, has constructed the curve of the progress of the trotting horse in America, and finds that it will cross the mile-in-two-minutes line about the year 1901. He also deduces, from statistics prepared by the same authority, the conclusion that at the date mentioned there will be not far from 10,000 horses in this country which can trot a mile in 2:30 or better.

A remarkable mirage was seen a few days ago at Olatz, in the parish of Sala, Sweden. It displayed distinctly a town in Eastern style situated by the sea, with temples and minarets, while to the left a forest of fine cypress-trees was seen. In front was a train in motion, while a body of soldiers appeared marching along a road, with their bayonets flashing in the sun. The whole was visible for nearly an hour, when it gradually faded away.

Tungsten imparts remarkable properties to steel. When there is from 10 to 12 per cent. present in the steel the latter cannot be worked on the lathe, and it resists the file, but it may be forged and polished. Steel with 5 to 6 per cent. of tungsten is still hard, but it can be worked on the lathe. Tungsten steel can be highly magnetized, and magnets made from it have very great power. Tools made from tungsten steel are very hard. They are first forged into shape and then ground.

Dr. J. E. Pollock considers that the evidence furnished by the Brompton Hospital, London—which has had by far the most extensive experience with the disease of any institution in the world—proves that consumption is not conveyed from one person to another by contact or by breathing the same air. At least, during the thirty-six years the hospital has been in operation, the medical attendants, nurses and others employed about the establishment have been unusually free from this affection.

A series of photographs illustrative of some experiments made by Professor Von Ziemssen formed a curious exhibit at the Munich Electrical Exhibition. These pictures showed a human face, bearing the expressions of joy, pain, surprise, doubt, disgust, etc., the various changes having been each excited in turn by bringing a current of electricity to act upon the different facial nerves of the person photographed. Under the electric influence, each set of nerves produced its own peculiar contortions of the countenance.

J. Edwin Sherman, metallurgist of Boston, has just concluded a series of experiments upon a new metal recently discovered by him, with a view to ascertaining its fitness as compared with other metals for telegraph wires. The experiments, it is said, show that wire made of this metal has great tenacity, does not rust, and is superior in point of conductivity to any wire now used for electrical purposes. The metal, which has nearly a specific gravity, and has somewhat the appearance of silver, can be produced, it is said, at a cost of five cents a pound.

Dr. Paul Gussfeldt, of Berlin, the eminent traveler who started for South America some time ago to make geological and other scientific researches in the Cordillera, reports that he is well satisfied with the results of his journey, and that he had discovered a glacier of the first order in the style of the Alsatian glacier. The glacier is between fifteen and twenty miles in length. Dr. Gussfeldt has measured many summits trigonometrically, made a collection of alpine plants (amongst them a wild potato from above the glacier), and another of geological specimens.

According to the census returns the amount of "culm," or coal-dust, on mining anthracite coal is 34 per cent. a year; this waste amounts on anthracite alone to 9,900,832 tons; the same loss in other States is estimated at 20 per cent., making a total return of 21,449,335 tons for last year. Many attempts have been made to utilize this waste by converting it into fuel, with bituminous substances, such as pitch or tar, but owing to the nature of the combustion of these substances they were soon consumed, when the coal dust resumed its former state. The difficulty has been solved by Mr. W. H. Corey, of England, who mixes the coal-dust with a small quantity of dry fire-clay, and adding a small percentage of silica of soda. The three materials are thoroughly mixed and submitted to pressure. The blocks are as hard as ordinary lump coal.

Death-roll of the Week.

MAY 28TH.—At Newport, R. I., Colonel George W. Dresser, a distinguished officer in the Regular Army during the war; at Westbury, R. I., Horace Babcock, a prominent citizen; at Washington, D. C., Captain Hosea Ballou, the oldest Freemason in the United States, aged 90. MAY 29TH.—At Hartford, Conn., Christopher C. Lyman, a well-known citizen, aged 82; at Philadelphia, Pa., George Sharwood, ex-Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, aged 73. MAY 30TH.—In New York city, General William G. Mitchell, Assistant Adjutant-General United States Army, aged 46. JUNE 1ST.—At Nashville, Tenn., General George P. Buell, United States Army; at London, England, Edwin Sherard Burnaby, M. P., aged 52; at Easton, Pa., Matthew Hule Jones, a leading lawyer and philanthropist, aged 71.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A POSTAL card lately made the journey from Mexico to Naples in 20½ days, 7,700 miles, part of the way by coach.

—The arches under the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge will be made into warehouses, but it will take several months to do it.

—The people of Zurich, in Switzerland, have by popular vote sanctioned a Bill providing for the restoration of capital punishment.

—The ratifications of the treaty between the United States and Corea have been exchanged at the Korean capital. This is the first treaty between Corea and a Western power.

—The League of American Wheelmen held its third annual meet and parade in this city last week. Some nine hundred men took part in the parade, which attracted wide attention.

—Neither France, Germany nor Belgium raises enough meat to supply its own population. The meat consumption per head of population is much higher in Great Britain than elsewhere in Europe.

—At a meeting of graduates of McGill University in Montreal last week, a resolution favoring the admission of women to the privileges of the University was carried with only one dissenting vote.

—The unprofitableness of the city's furnishing text books to its children has been demonstrated in Boston. Since the return to the plan of making parents furnish the school books, \$150,000 a year has been saved.

—A SUBSIDY of \$150,000 has been granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to construct a road forty miles to the coal fields in Kings County, Washington Territory. Work will be commenced immediately.

—RHODE ISLAND'S new State flag was hoisted on the State-house for the first time last week at the assembling of the Legislature. It consists of a clear blue ground, on which are a golden anchor and thirteen golden stars.

—The Garfield Monument Committee of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland has selected Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, of New York, as the artist, and authorized him to proceed with the monument, the cost of which is not to exceed \$50,000.

—The extra guard at the Parliament buildings and Rideau Hall, Ottawa, has been discontinued. The Princess Louise goes unattended through the city and grows in popularity as the time passes and the people become better acquainted with her.

—The Suez Canal Company and the British Government have arrived at an understanding in regard to the construction of a second canal across the Isthmus. The arrangement must receive the approval of the shareholders of the company before it can be carried out.

—The will of the late Anthony H. Henderson bequeaths to Cleveland property estimated to be worth \$200,000, to found and endow an industrial school, or to be applied to a present school, and also considerable property in Lawrence County, Pa., for the same purpose.

—It is reported that Prince Bismarck contemplates the radical remodeling of the entire Constitution of the German Empire. It is also reported that Prince Bismarck, in a conversation recently, upheld the competency of the federal Governments to abolish the Reichstag.

—The contributions of Peter's pence have continued to decrease so rapidly during the past few months that an appeal, addressed to all the bishops, is being prepared by the Pope, urging them to awaken the faithful to the necessity of providing funds for the needs of the Holy See.

—The monument to Zachary Taylor was not ready to be dedicated on Decoration Day as had been hoped, but will soon be finished and placed above the old warrior's grave. It will consist of a huge shaft of Massachusetts granite forty feet high, upon a massive base, and surmounted by a life-sized statue.

—A MAN in Chester, Conn., found one of the old George Washington buttons while digging near a factory a few days ago. The button is of copper, a little larger than an old-fashioned cent, and bears in the centre the letters "G. W.," with "God bless our President" around the outer edge. It is a valuable relic.

—The Legislature of Illinois has passed a resolution submitting to the people a constitutional amendment giving the Governor power to veto items in the General Appropriation Bill without invalidating the entire Bill. There is little question that it will be adopted as the sentiment of the people approves of the measure.

—A CERTIFICATE of incorporation has been granted to the American Ballot-box Association, of Boston. The association has a capital stock of \$100,000, and its object is the "manufacture and sale of ballot-boxes designed for the prevention of fraud at elections." Among the incorporators are prominent men of both political parties.

—An amusing controversy is raging in English society on the rational female dress question. Interest in the subject is heightened by an exhibition in London, which is thronged by the fashionable world. The principal exhibit is a divided skirt, a kind of revival of the "bloomer" style. The daily press ridicules the garment, and the medical papers declare against its adoption.

—The widow of Walter Davis, the man whom Congressman Phil B. Thompson, Jr., killed at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, recently, publishes a letter which was found in her husband's pocket after he had been murdered, in which, addressing Thompson, he assured him there was no basis for the charges against Mrs. Thompson and himself. Davis, his widow says, assured her none of the Thompsons believed the allegations to be true.

—On the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, next November, *tableaux vivants* representing the chief events in the reformer's life will be exhibited at Erfurt. At the beginning of August there will be a preliminary celebration in the shape of an historical procession, representing the reception of Luther on his way from Wormer to Worms by the citizens and University of Erfurt; and this will be followed by an excursion to the neighboring Wartburg and by popular festivals.

—GENERAL BEAUREGARD has just placed in the custody of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans the first Confederate battleflag of the civil war. The trophy has an interesting history. It was the handiwork of Miss Hetty Carey, a Baltimore belle, who was a refugee in Richmond, and who made it out of her own silk dresses cut up for the purpose. Miss Carey afterwards married General Pegram, of the Confederate army, who was killed in battle three days after the wedding. She is now a school teacher in Baltimore. The flag accompanied General Beauregard until the close of the war, when he sent it to Havana for safety. It has quite lately been regained by the General, and deemed the veterans of the Washington Artillery safe custodians of the relic, he instructed Judge Alfred Roman, his old time adjutant and present historian, to present it to the veterans, which was done in a feeling and dignified address.



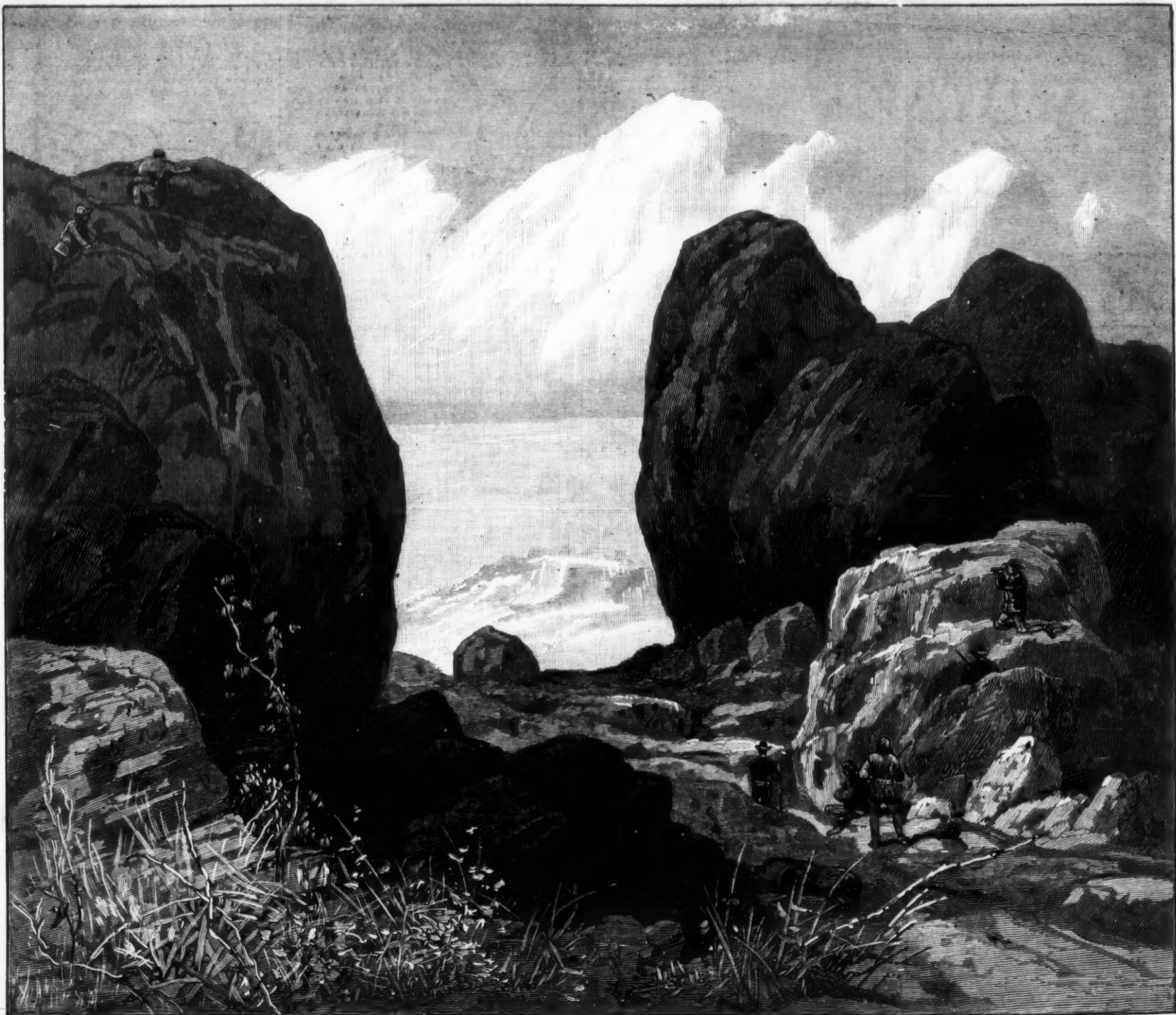
ILLINOIS.—ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

FROM A PHOTO. BY COPELIN.—SEE PAGE 254.



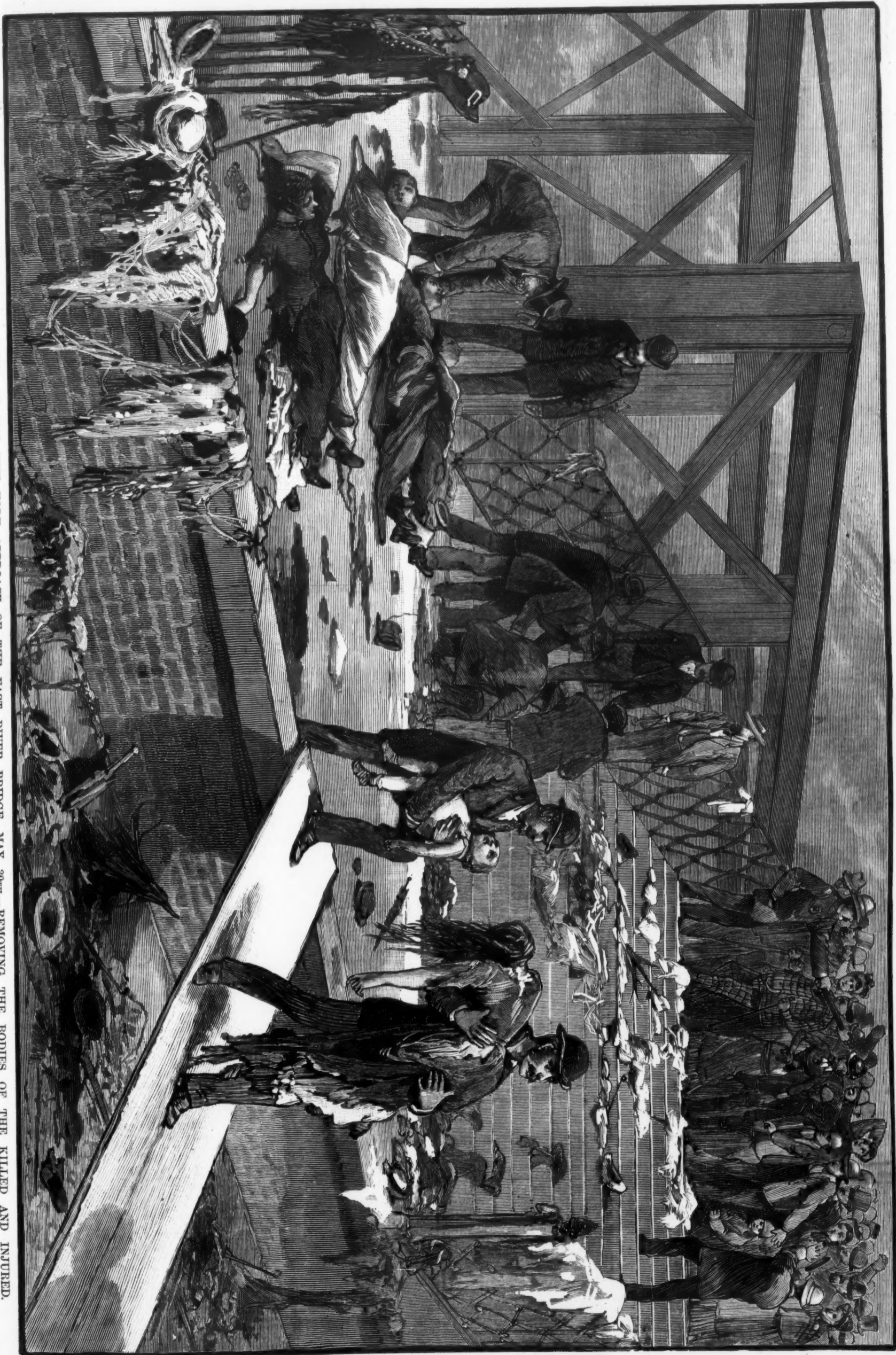
NEW YORK.—MRS. WASHINGTON A. ROEBLING, WIFE OF THE ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

FROM A PHOTO. BY LUDOVICI.—SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.



MEXICO.—VIEW IN THE YUCUN RIVER REGION OF THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS, SCENE OF GEN. CROOK'S OPERATIONS AGAINST THE APACHES.

FROM A PHOTO. BY CHAS. S. BAKER.—SEE PAGE 249.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT THE NEW YORK APPROACH OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE, MAY 30TH.—REMOVING THE BODIES OF THE KILLED AND INJURED.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 249.

ON AN OLD COIN.

A RUSTY coin—wellnigh effaced,
A head with indistinct outline,
The superscription half erased,
Of some dead Caesar—made divine.

How much is left? The myrtles twine,
Where once were porch and corridor,
On graves of self and emperor.

The end of all his might and fame,
The laurels of the conqueror,
A battered coin with half a name.

AT EDGERLY.

"I BEG your pardon." The night was dark; in the narrow path leading from Edgerly Woods two men suddenly jostled each other with unpleasant force. One paused as he spoke, uncertain if it were man or woman he had thus come upon, and one hurried on at the same rapid gait, evidently little recking what was in his way.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he muttered; "nothing matters to me to-night."

"Nothing matters to him to-night, eh? Then there's a woman in his case, that is sure. I wonder what he means to do?"

The speaker stared back into the darkness with a sudden, curious desire to see the other's face. There was an unconscious sympathy in his own which would have startled his nearest friends. Yet not strange, under the reminding darkness and the soul in that other's words. For there had been a woman in his case once: a night back into the years when nothing had mattered unto him, when he had walked away from the girl that scorned him with murder in his soul.

With his mighty will he had forced it all beyond him, and lived as in other days—only that he grew a harder man, cold to both men and women. Yet it was not strange that, under the night's weird spell, his heart should stir a little.

"I wonder what he means to do?"

He stared into the darkness with an interest that grew. He had important business on hand that hour, but he was fast forgetting it in the desire to know how this man would work out the problem. Obeying a sudden impulse, he turned back in the path.

The turf was deep with moss, and the steps of the man ahead sunk noiselessly in it; only the occasional cracking of a dead branch beneath his feet revealed that one was near. The darkness grew even denser as he followed on, the silence more oppressive. It was a weird walk; practical man as he was, the fancy sometimes seized him that he was walking with a ghost. With a sigh of relief he emerged on the little clearing at the other end of the woods.

Two paths joined here: one leading to the village, the other down to the sea. The figure ahead stood out faintly now; he could see it striding downwards, the same rapid, reckless gait. He quickened his steps and followed breathlessly.

What did this man mean to do?

Perhaps only to stand alone with his lashed soul and the endless waters; to study the problem, and conquer as he had done. Perhaps—

But the path was opening on the sands. A little way on the curve leading inward he saw a light evidently shining from a house. Almost a prayer burst from his long prayerless lips as the faint form ahead turned from seaward and walked towards it. Then he was simply going home? With a smile he suddenly recalled his business on hand, and stopped still in the path.

There was a strange fascination in that dim form ahead; the next moment he was following it down the sands again, almost despite himself. He would see this man home, at all events. Home! The word burst involuntarily from his lips as they drew near the house, and curiosity was on edge again. For the light streaming out from the blindless window showed a dilapidated, whitewashed structure, the poorest kind of a fishing-hut. The window was low and at a little distance he could see within. A bundle of straw, a chair, a table—these were the furnishings.

A home, nevertheless; for on the scant fire on the hearth a pot was boiling, and in front a woman sat stirring the contents, evidently her evening meal. The figure ahead strode quickly past, and in the doorway.

"Monnie!"

A boyish, handsome countenance the light revealed as he paused with his hand on the woman's shoulder, and looked sternly down at her. She had started at the touch, but she turned eagerly as she recognized the voice.

"Ah! it's Walter Penraven, is it? Good-even! I'm glad to see ye."

The man without instinctively recoiled as he saw this face. And well he might. It had chilled the hearts of many a man and woman who had viewed it for the first time, and he saw it at the worst—with a smile upon its lips.

"Ye have found it, Walter Penraven; deep down where I told ye, boy? And ye can marry the bonnie lady and be happy now. Well, I'm sure I'm very glad."

The tones were gentle; the face seemed to be donning, as best it could, a tender look. But the man's gaze grew even sterner as he listened.

"You can no longer deceive me, Monnie; you have lied to me, and you know it."

She raised her hands and regarded him with an astonished air.

"Ye have not found it, Walter Penraven? Ye cannot yet marry the bonnie lady ye love so dear? More's the pity, ah-a-day! for I tell ye she loves ye, boy; it's a sight to see her blue eyes shine when they speak of ye. Ah-a-day! if I knew how to weep—"

"Look here, Monnie!" He interrupted her fiercely, and unconsciously his hand tightened on her shoulder; "this is all very fine act-

ing, but I will have no more of it. I have never distrusted you till now, because, though you have seemed always to hate all others, from a boy you have been kind to me. What your object is I know not, but I know you are deceiving me. Once for all, I want that paper. It is necessary to my happiness, and—I must have it, Monnie. I am so poor, how can I ever marry her without it?"

He paused with a sudden, eager beseeching in look and tone. But she only gazed at him in the same quiet way.

"You will not give it to me? I tell you I will have it, Monnie. Remember what you told me; how it came into your possession, the share you had in the theft. If you do not, I will have you punished; you shall pay the penalty to the full. Only give it to me, and—yes, even she shall never know our secret. You shall have money, Monnie; a—"

He paused again suddenly, startled at the strange light in her eyes. She had never before so looked at him.

"And so ye think all the witch wants is gold, Walter Penraven? I tell ye there are things more precious to such as me. And what care I for judges and prison walls? Once for all, if ye want the paper find it, all of ye. Dig a little deeper, boy, and I'll warrant ye the treasure!"

She shook off his hand with a low, scornful laugh, and began stirring again the mixture on the coals. He watched her with a dejected air, the belief quickly flashing on him that there was no truth in all this story, that she was deceiving him all through. One little minute, then with a sudden loathing of her presence he strode out of the hut.

The man without had but time to shrink backwards as he passed him by. For the first time he realized what he was doing. What business had he listening here? Shame and surprise held him spellbound ere he followed up the sands. And, despite him, he heard the muttered words:

"I have it safe where he will never find it. It is necessary to his happiness, he said. Ha, ha! that is the very reason I risked to steal it. Dead of Penraven, what happiness do I owe your son? Ah-a-day! ye scorned my poor bairn, ye tortured her, but I am having my revenge! To pretend to love him as ye pretended, to deceive him as ye deceived—what pleasant work was that! To torture him—ah! I waited long for it. But the time has come, dead of Penraven; thanks to old Edgerly, the time has come at last!"

Despite him, that moment he glanced back again within. Despite him, truly, for fate had so ordained it.

• • • • •

"Benham & Keats."

The girl sighed wearily as she read the card the servant brought her. Benham & Keats again! It had been little but Benham & Keats since her father died, two weeks ago. She had the average girl's dislike to law, and now law was odious to her; she had lost interest even in her own legal concerns, in the strange mystery of her affairs. But, it must be gone through with, she supposed, and, suppressing a yawn, she advanced to meet the caller.

"Miss Edgerly!"

Not Benham nor Keats, the tall, handsome man who stood before her. She was so relieved, so pleased, that involuntarily she extended her hand as she asked him to be seated.

It was a pleasing contrast—the delicate beauty of the girl in frame of the cheery parlor, to the weird things he had seen without. He regarded her as in long years he had not regarded woman ere he spoke again.

"I am Philip Greator, Miss Edgerly, chief clerk with Benham & Keats."

"Oh, are you? I am sorry. I am so tired of it all, you see," she added, apologetically.

"I am sorry for what I am commissioned to tell you, Miss Edgerly. Your father's—will has been found."

There was a shade of interest, but more of surprise, in the eyes looking at him now.

"Sorry, Mr. Greator?"

"Yes, because of its conditions. He leaves you the entire estates, providing you marry the man he has selected. If you decline, you must remain single all your life, or—forget them entire."

Much of his habitual hardness came back as he grew used to her. The first pained look in her eyes did not greatly move him, yet he could but admire the spirit which the next moment flashed from them.

"That is my father's will?"

"Yes, Miss Edgerly."

"Do you know the—the man I am to marry?"

"Yes, Miss Edgerly."

"Then will you be so kind as to tell him that I will never marry him? I will marry whom I please, and—live on bread and water!"

"I can spare myself that mission, I think, Miss Edgerly. But I may as well tell you, first as last; I am the man designated in your father's will for you to marry."

"You?" A moment the blue eyes widened in amazement, and then such a look of scorn crept into them that, hard man as he was, he involuntarily turned his own away. "And you can sit there and tell me that?" she went on, briskly.

"You have no more shame, no more self-respect than to come here in this cowardly way—you, a man, to a girl like me! Mr. Greator—"

His face flushed at her words, but, for the moment, he was so surprised at himself that he could not interrupt her. For he sat writhing, not under her insinuations, but the scorn in her pretty eyes. Once more a woman could thus move Philip Greator!

"Listen!" his voice broke in with sudden fierceness. "I came here to-night to tell you that I do not want to marry you. I wouldn't marry you if you should fall down on your knees and beg me. I have had nothing to do with this strange business; I had no idea of it.

till I saw the will. I never saw your father but three times in my life. I have always heard he was an eccentric man, but what his object was in this action I certainly cannot imagine. He calls me a 'steady man' in the paper, but—all this is immaterial; the will is no fault of mine. I came here to-night to tell you this, to clear myself at the outset—"

He paused suddenly, for he saw she did not believe him; yes, the scorn was even deepening in her eyes. It was strange, but somehow he could not endure it; he looked over at her with a conscious, beseeching look.

"Don't look at me that way—don't!" he continued, brokenly. "You wouldn't if you knew what I have borne from woman. It was none of my work—I swear it. Only speak one little word that you believe me!"

But she did not, she would not, and all he could do was to turn away from her and go out again in the darkness.

He was in a strange mood that night, truly. It would pass away before the morrow, he thought, as he walked back through the woods towards the railway station. But, to his surprise, the morrow held it even firmer yet; he writhed even as greatly under the scorn of her pretty eyes. It was strange, but he could not yet endure it. It was natural, he could not blame her for disbelieving him; but if he could only make her see his truth, only have her to look at him once more in her first winning fashion!

He was not quite in love with Marion Edgerly yet, but it haunted him that day and the next, what a bright, winsome child she was; what a precious little wife she would make some man she loved. How blithely she would come to meet him in the evening; twine her soft arms about his neck—

It came to him suddenly with a rapturous might, as he sat thinking that June afternoon. Why should he not have such a little wife? What a waste he had made all these years, all because one woman had scorned him? What a changed life his would be, if—

If she would marry him! Stranger things had happened, and—love is bold. An hour later Philip Greator was again walking the path leading out from Edgerly woods.

Meanwhile, a strange thing had happened down by the sea. The morrow after that weird night Arthur Penraven had found this nameless line in his mail:

"The paper you are seeking is hid under the hearth in Monnie's hut."

It was his day Philip Greator came walking up to the Manor House trembling amid hope and fear. He paused at the sound of voices coming from a little arbor around the curve.

"It is a great mystery, Walter, dear. But you must take the paper at once to Mr. Benham."

"Yes, darling. Though I do hate to part with the little sheet which has made us both so happy."

"Oh, but I would have married you just the same, you know."

"But I never could have been happy so, my dear. I should always have felt that I had robbed you of your fortune. And how could I ever have made you happy so?"

"Oh, you poor, foolish Walter—"

Much of the truth had flashed quickly on Philip Greator; he was even now striding back down the path. It was a little hard, he thought. Not that she would have ever married him, but—

He was only a man, and, as he walked away, his soul hugged closely the regret that he had robbed the Edgerly witch of her vengeance on Penraven.

It was a story for the press—the first strange will; the theft of the second revoking quite the former; its mysterious recovery; the mad despair of the witch, Monnie; the happiness of the two lovers it concerned. But the most enterprising reporter never once dreamed that, in the midst of it all, the grave head clerk at Benham & Keats had gone seeking a little wife.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN,

PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, first President of the Irish National League of America, is a native American, and was born in Waterville, Maine, in 1847. At the age of fifteen he left Canada, where his parents were then residing, and engaged in business in Detroit, Mich., where he became first known as a promoter of the movement to close the large business places early enough in the evening to give the employes a chance for reading and culture. Believing that neither race, color nor creed should disqualify men for the free exercise of political rights, he stumped Michigan, before he was of age, for the amendment to the State Constitution giving colored men the right to vote. He had also a series of joint debates with Colonel John Atkinson, now the leading advocate of Michigan. In 1869 Mr. Sullivan went to New Mexico, and for some time published a daily paper in English and Spanish. In 1872, coming to New York, he followed Horace Greeley into the Democratic Party, where he has remained, without modifying his political convictions. Beginning the study of law in the office of Algernon S. Sullivan, he continued it in the Law College at Chicago, and has been in successful practice there.

Seven years ago Mr. Sullivan was brought before the public in an affair which attracted much attention at the time. The facts of this occurrence are illustrated by one who was familiar with them: "One Francis Hanford, who, with an unworthy purpose in view, had written an anonymous letter assailing Mrs. Sullivan's character, was detected as the author. In an altercation following Mr. Sullivan's courteous but vain demand for the grounds on which certain statements were made, or a retraction of them, which, he explained to Hanford, bore an infamous implication—an implication which the offender did not deny—Mr. Sullivan was seized by a powerful friend of Hanford's, who held him, pinioned and choked, at his mercy. Meanwhile Mrs. Sullivan, who was ill and sitting in a carriage, on seeing the fracas, leaped out, woman-like, to stop it. Hanford struck her violently on the face. Sullivan, hearing her cry of pain, struggled to reach her, but Hanford's friend, as he was obliged to acknowledge on the

witness-stand afterwards, only tightened his grip. Hanford then rushed on Sullivan, who, finding himself helpless, at the mercy of two men, managed to free his right arm enough to get out his revolver to defend himself. He was obliged to fire wildly, his head being so held that he could not take an aim. Hanford was fatally wounded. Political and religious animosities were stirred up by partisans, and the facts were grossly misrepresented until brought out by legal investigation, which finally resulted in acquittal, the testimony of Hanford's friend, although a witness for the prosecution, practically disposing of the case. Judge McAllister, who presided, was for his course subjected to partisan attack, which the people rebuked by re-electing him by a majority of over 10,000, although the county gave a majority in the opposite direction in the general election which preceded and in that which followed the judicial election."

Mr. Sullivan was chosen president of the fifty united Irish Societies of Chicago for two terms. Believing that the warm Celtic blood is not improved by strong drink, he has always advocated temperance, not as a political measure to be forced on others, but as a prudential moral habit among men of his race. Having large executive ability, he arranged successfully the Western tour of Charles Stewart Parnell and John Dillon in 1880. The speech he made at the opening of the Philadelphia Convention was universally admitted to have keyed that body to unity, harmony and moderation. His speech in Cooper Institute two weeks since indicated the method he intends to follow—namely, so thoroughly to inform the American people of the economic condition of Ireland, and the monetary burden that country is on the United States, that at least moral intervention may be hoped for. He showed that, although Ireland is exclusively an agricultural country—her manufactures, legally destroyed, never having been restored—the laws have been so administered that only 3,000,000 out of 20,000,000 acres are under food crops, while, at the same time, food is annually exported and the people are forced to emigrate. The burdens imposed by law are so enormous that the Irish in America have to remit at least \$5,000,000 a year to keep the people from dying of hunger, and President Sullivan urged that this enormous money drain should be stopped. If Ireland were permitted to make her own laws, she would till all her arable land, he said, and turn her surplus capital into manufactures, for which her natural resources are magnificently adapted.

It is a notable fact in contemporaneous politics that the Irish people, three-fourths of whom are Roman Catholic, should prefer, for a parliamentary leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, a Protestant, and that in the United States 1,200 delegates, representing the entire country, should unanimously select as their executive head a young American Abolitionist.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

(Continued from page 247.)

upon the arms of a lever tend more strongly to counterbalance each other the further they are placed from the fulcrum, so increase in the number of farms will tend more strongly to raise or reduce the average the further in point of area the new farms are from the previous average. And it may be worth while to remark that while the possibilities on the side of decrease are limited, the possibilities on the side of increase are unlimited. A farm less than 153 acres can only be less by something within 153 acres; but a farm greater than 153 acres may be greater by 10,000, or 100,000, or any larger number of acres.

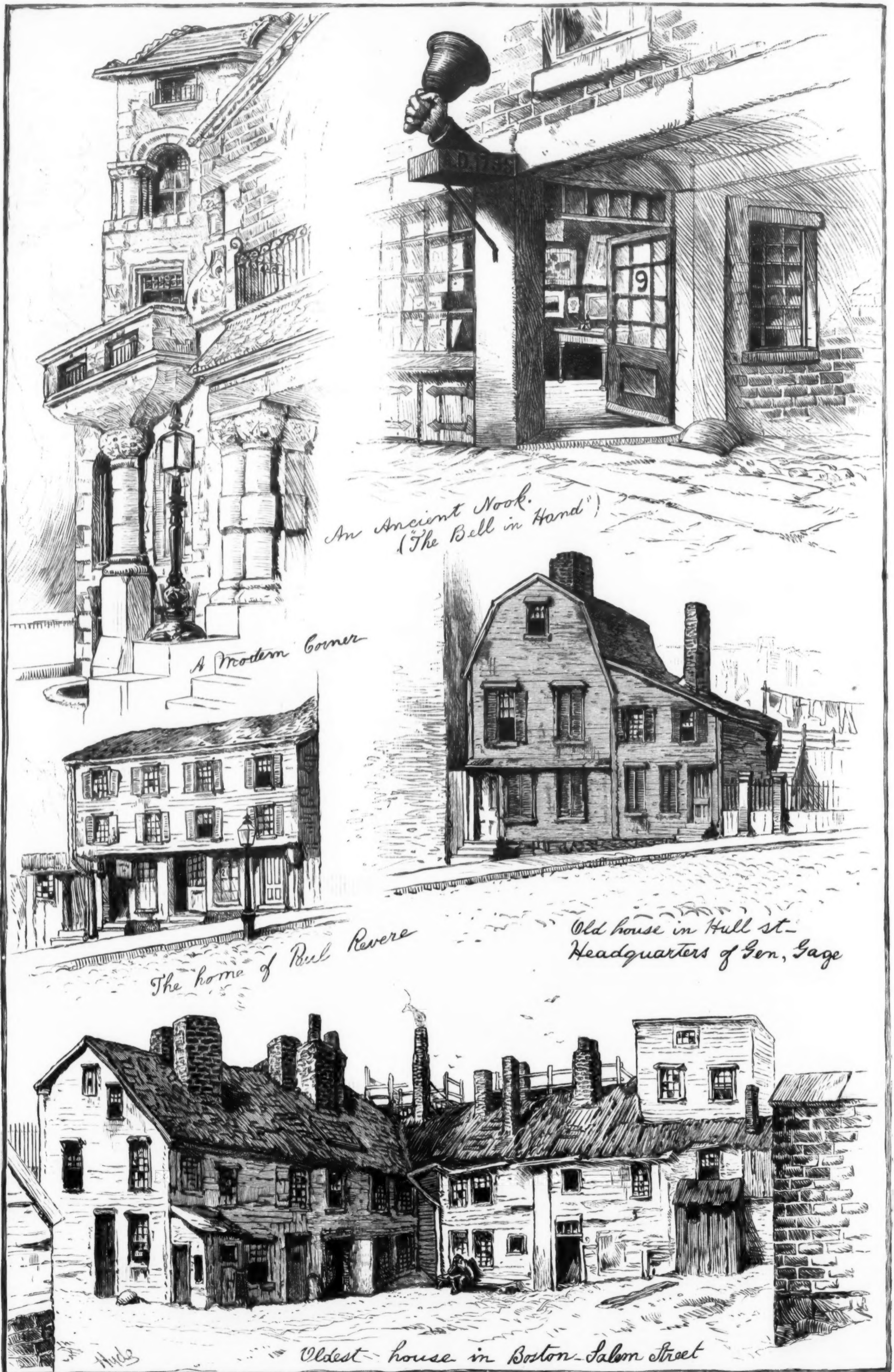
I speak of this simple and obvious principle not merely to show the curious confusion of thought which General Walker exhibits, but for the purpose of pointing out the significance of the facts I have previously cited—a significance which General Walker does not appear even yet to realize.

Let me refer those who may wish to verify the accuracy of the figures I am about to quote to Table LXIII., pp. 650-657, Compendium of the Tenth Census, Part I. This table gives the total number of farms for 1880, 1870, 1860 and 1850, the number of farms in eight specified classes for 1880, 1870 and 1860; the farm acreage and the average size of farms for four censuses. We are told in a note that "it will be noticed" that the number of farms given in the specified classes for 1860 fail to agree with the total number given, and that "these discrepancies appear without explanation in the Census of 1860." This is well calculated to impress one who casually turns over the pages of the Compendium with the vigilant care that has been exercised, but it becomes rather amusing when read in the light of the far more striking discrepancies which appear without explanation in the Census of 1880.

What first struck me in glancing over this table, and what is so obvious that I cannot understand how, from Census Superintendent to lowest clerk, any one could have transcribed, or even glanced over—not to say examined—these figures without being struck by it, is that in the face of the fact that we are told that between 1870 and 1880 the average size of farms has been reduced, the same table shows in its very first lines that the great increase in the number of farms between 1870 and 1880 has all been in the four classes of largest areas, and that the larger the area the greater the increase; while the number of farms in the four classes of smaller area have actually diminished, and the smaller the class area the greater the diminution! To recur to our simile, it is not only that more weights have been placed on one end of the lever, but they have been pushed out further from the centre. On the other arm the weights have not only been diminished, but they have been drawn in closer to the centre. Yet we are told that the lever has tipped towards the end that has been lightened!

This is the fact to which I called attention in the fifth paper of this series as showing the inaccuracy of the assertion that the average size of farms had decreased in the United States during the last decade. So conclusive is it, and so obvious is it, that I am forced, to suppose, that the Superintendent of the Tenth Census has never even glanced over the totals of his own report. For, although the number of farms in 1880 and 1870 are merely placed in parallel columns in the Census Report, without subtraction, yet such differences as 4,352 farms under three acres in 1880, and 6,875 in 1870, and of 28,578 farms over 1,000 acres in 1880 against 3,720 in 1870, are glaring enough to strike the eye of any one who has

UNITED STATES MINISTER MORTON appears to be in favor with the British Colony in Paris. The London Standard says that the cordiality and courtesy which the American Minister and Mrs Morton display towards English residents and visitors form one of the pleasantest features of international life in Paris, and deserve all the more recognition because as a rule the English Colony is simply ignored by the official and diplomatic world. British subjects are made to feel thoroughly at home at the United States Legation, and they entertain a high sense of the kindly feeling which extends to them hospitalities to which, strictly speaking, they have no claim.



MASSACHUSETTS.—NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.



KENTUCKY.—HON. WALTER EVANS, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.
PHOTO. BY DOERR.

HON. WALTER EVANS, NEW COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

HON. WALTER EVANS, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was born in Warren County, Ky., September 18th, 1842. At an early age he moved to Christian County, where he received the merest common school education. He entered the army in 1861, joining the Twenty-fifth Kentucky Infantry, of which J. M. Shackelford was colonel, and Ben. H. Bristow, the lieutenant-colonel. At the close of the war he went to Hopkinsville, where he studied and soon entered upon the practice of the law. In 1867 he ran for the Legislature, being the first Republican candidate that had ever aspired to the office from that district. He was defeated by Hon. James McKenzie, but in after years he had the pleasure of defeating the latter for a higher position. In 1868 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention that nominated General Grant for his first term. In 1871 he was elected to the Legislature from Christian County, carrying the county for the first time for the Republicans. In 1872 he was the temporary Chairman of the Republican State Convention held in Louisville, and in the same year was a delegate for the State at Large to the National Convention at Philadelphia which nominated President Grant for the second term. After a heated and memorable contest he was elected to the State Senate from Christian and Muhlenberg Counties, defeating Mr. McKenzie by a large majority. While in the Senate he served on the Judiciary Committee, and greatly enhanced his reputation by his excellent service in that connection. In the Fall of 1874 he moved to Louisville and began the practice of law there. In 1875 he was the Republican nominee and candidate against Hon. Albert S. Willis for Congress. Although he made a good race, the odds were too great against him, and he was defeated. In 1879 the Republicans nominated him for Governor against Dr. Blackburn. He made a laborious canvass of the State, speaking in fifty-two counties. Blackburn's majority over Colonel Evans was 44,000, but over all the other candidates combined was only 25,000. Colonel Evans was at the head of the delegation from Kentucky in the Chicago Convention that nominated Garfield. He was one of the 306 that held out so strenuously for General Grant's nomination, and he received his medal along with the other 305.

Mr. Evans's selection as Commissioner was the personal act of the President, who regarded him as peculiarly qualified for the position, both in point of integrity of character and intellectual acquirements. The appointment has been generally approved.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST KNOWN INDIAN.

WE give herewith the portrait of Dinah John, familiarly known as "Aunt" Dinah, the oldest known Indian, who died at the Onondaga Reservation, May 26th. According to the *Syracuse Herald*, she was born on the reservation early in the year 1774, and was therefore more than one hundred and nine years old. Her age has been the subject of much dispute, but E. H. Gardner, the agent of the Onondagas, says that, according to the best authenticated records, "Aunt" Dinah was 101 years old when the census of 1875 was taken. "Aunt" Dinah was a full-blooded Onondaga Indian. In 1783, when Washington made his trip up the Hudson, accompanied by Governor Clinton, he also made a tour of what was then known as the northern outposts which comprised the battlefield of Saratoga, the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point. Returning to Albany they proceeded to Schenectady, and up the Mohawk Valley to Fort Schuyler, formerly known as Fort Stanwix, where they halted. "Aunt" Dinah's mother led her through the woods of that time along the bridge-path to Rome, where she saw "the brave man who killed so many British," as she designated Washington. "Aunt" Dinah was married to Thomas John early in the present century. Thomas was a warrior in Captain Cole's company of the New York Militia in the war of 1812. He was familiar with the western frontier, and was employed as a scout and a runner to carry messages through the then dense wilderness in the neighborhood of Buffalo. "Aunt" Dinah accompanied the State troops as a cook, and she and her husband served throughout the war. About three years ago she became blind, and has since been kept at her home on the Onondaga Reservation. "Aunt" Dinah was known as a Pagan Indian, but of late years had become semi-Christianized. She was a member of two denominations, a circumstance to which she called attention shortly before her death by placing her hand over her heart, and saying, "Here me Methodist"; and then touching her head with the words, "Here me Piscopop!" Her dying request was that the Pagan ceremony be first observed and afterwards the Christian ritual, but her daughter objected to that arrangement, and two clergymen conducted the service. The Indians were very much attached to the old woman, and mourn her sincerely. Her body was laid out in Indian costume; on her feet were a pair of new moccasins, and her withered hand held a large orange, in remembrance of her fondness for that fruit and her expressed wish to carry a fine specimen of it to the other world.



NEW YORK.—"AUNT" DINAH JOHN, THE OLDEST KNOWN INDIAN, AGED 109 YEARS.
PHOTO. BY P. S. RYDER.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF BOSTON.

NO city in the United States contains so many relics of our early history as the metropolis of New England. Not only was Boston settled before any other large town, but nowhere has "the march of modern improvement" left untouched so many interesting "bits" of a bygone age. Not to speak of the more famous of the ancient buildings, like the old State House, Faneuil Hall and the Old South Church, there are to be encountered in out-of-the-way corners quaint old edifices which well repay attention. First among these must be ranked the old Wells House, at the corner of Salem Street and Elmer



THE FROG INDUSTRY.—HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT AND PREPARED FOR MARKET.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

Place, which dates back to the misty past of 1660, and has therefore been standing almost two centuries and a quarter. Another building of historic interest is a house on Hull Street, Copp's Hill, which was occupied in Revolutionary days by the British commander Gage, and from an upper window of which tradition says that general witness the battle of Bunker Hill. Another famous character of that era, whose memory is dearer to Americans, was Paul Revere, and on North Square still stands the house where the hero of that historic ride used to live. These interesting buildings are reproduced in the sketches elsewhere published, which also include two corner views that illustrate the contrast between the old and the new, the one representing an old-time tavern, "The Bell-in-Hand," erected in 1795, and the other giving a view of the modern Art Club building.

THE FROG INDUSTRY. STORY OF A TRAINED FROG—ITS ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE hush of a June evening in a quiet hamlet in Orange County. On one side a circle of wooded hills. On the other a sloping stretch of meadow, with cattle feeding over its fragrant acreage. Then a border of marsh, with the sparks of a million fireflies flashing amid its rank growths of flag and water-weeds. Beyond, a shallow pond, dotted with marshy islands, mirroring a firmament of myriad stars, and lit here and yonder by the weird glare of a dozen fishermen's "jacks."

"Did ye come up to go a-froggin'?" "Cause if ye did ye've struck the proper time. They're jist a gittin' theirselfs more than in June, an' the boys beguener shed their red flannel fur bait a week ago, an' they ain't a jack nor a spear in the place but's a gittin' in the poottiest kind o' work on 'em."

"Jug-o'-r-u-u-m! jug-o'-r-u-u-m!"

"Krrr-onk! krrr-onk!"

In mellow basso-profundo, harsh, baritone and rasping tenor-robusto came the chorus up from among the lights and marshes. I had not dropped down in the quiet hamlet to "go a-froggin'"; but, although I was entirely ignorant of the mysteries of the sport, the sounds and surroundings made the speech of the tall native—leaning against the bar of the country store, with his hickory overalls stuffed in cowhide boots, and ancient straw hat tilted back on a head of scraggy yellow hair—entirely intelligible without further interpretation. It was evident that "froggin'" was not only the pastime of the populace, large and small, but

one of the main props upon which the financial interests of the community rested. The daily bread of more than one honest yeoman, I learned, depended on the sureness with which he launched his spear against the acrobatic denizens of the marshy pond; and upon the illusive nature of his red-flannel lure, and the deftness with which he cast it, hung his hopes for a requisite supply of apple-jack and "torbacker."

"Yes-sir-ee!" said my friend of the hickory overalls. "The season has opened bang-up, an' they hain't only ketchin' 'em by the bushel, but they're bringin' in some o' the whoppinest whoppers ez ever jumped a bog. Silo Morton got his flannel inter one yesterday ez weighed three pound, dressed, an' a Yorker ez was a spookin' 'round here give him twelve shillin' fur it."

Then my friend, in language picturesque and earnest, and with here and there a statement rather pregnant with the suspicion that it should be taken, like a frog's leg, juicy from the broiler, *cum grano salis*, regaled me with a history of the frog-catching industry of the locality. It had its beginning there in a peculiar manner. Some years ago a well-known citizen of New York visited the place in search of a summer home for his family among the dairy farms. One day he brought to the tavern from the pond half-a-dozen large frogs which he had shot while rowing about. To the amazement and disgust of the landlord and his good wife, he ordered them broiled for his supper. The landlady refused point-blank to soil her savory iron with the "nasty things," and it was not until the gentleman himself prepared the snowy saddles of the frogs, and offered a handsome "tip" to her, that she cooked the delicacy under his direction, and served them for him. When the visitor left he engaged a native to catch and ship him a dozen frogs a day for the entire season. Friends of his in the city in turn sent orders for frogs, and the demand for them grew so rapidly that in time dealers sent for them by the hundred, until it required all the able-bodied men and boys in the vicinity fishing and spearing day and night, to supply the demand. Now it is no uncommon thing for bushels of frogs' legs to be forwarded to the city from this small pond daily. They return twenty-five cents a pound to the fishermen. Scores of men and boys through the borders of the pond every day, equipped with a stout rod and line, to which is attached an ordinary cat-fish hook, baited with a piece of red flannel. The frogs, perched solemnly on the margin of the water, or on the bogs, are cautiously approached. The red flannel is lowered slowly in front of them from a position behind them, if possible. When it reaches their line of vision they snap it viciously. It is rare that one is not hooked if he once snags. To hand him in and bag him is then a trifling matter.

Night fishing is attended with the best returns. Two men enter a boat—flat-bottomed and generally leaky—one carries a long-handled spear, with three barbed "tines." The other pushes the boat slowly along the shore. In the bow of the boat is a jack containing a brilliant light, or a strong kerosene torch. The frogs are out in herds, and their constant croaking guides the fishermen to them. Expert frog-hunters can pick out the larger sized frogs by the tone of their voices. The light is thrown upon them, and it is but the work of a second to thrust the spear through their bodies. When the frogs are brought in from the pond, the hind-quarters are separated from the bodies and skinned. This separating and skinning is dexterously performed. The legs are then neatly packed in boxes, with layers of moist, fresh grass, and are ready for market.

"Some fellers is a good deal smarter at froggin' than others," said my garrulous friend of the hickory overalls. "Mebbe 'y' might think it ain't no trick to snap a spear inter a frog, but I'm a tellin' 'y' that 'y' got to learn it the same ez 'y' do shootin'." The frogs' round here is pooty cute, they've been hunted so long; an' a feller ez goes arter 'em 'll find that he hain't a-trackin' no mud-tortles. Is 'pose the best teller that ever slung a frog-spear on this pond was Jack Mosher. He could tell the weight of a frog within half an ounce by just hearing him sing. I see him wunst arter an ole socker over on the fur side o' the marsh. The frog sat in a bunch o' flags, more'n twenty foot from the highest p'int that Jack could get to him with the boat. We throw'd the light onto the spot, but he were hid so we couldn't see him. We could see the flags shake ez if they war blow'd by the wind every time the frog'd tune up.

"Hol' the light ez high ez 'y' kin," says Jack. "I riz the torch 'bout ten foot in the air, an' it throw'd a bully light all 'round. Jack picked up a stone they war in the boat an' tossed it behind the bunch o' flags. I see a white thing like a flash in the air, an' Jack slung the spear. It fell in the water clean on 'tother side. We rowed 'round an' got it. The frog was spitted on it ez nice ez if 'y'd put it on with yer hand. Jack had ketchin' him on the fly."

"No. We never eat none o' the darn things. I'd ez leve chew a black snake," said my friend. Just then a party of frog-hunters came in from their night's work, and between exhilarating "rips" of the favorite tipple of the neighborhood reminiscences of remarkable exploits in their peculiar sport followed fast on one another. The veteran who had entertained me during the evening capped the climax with a little recollection of his own.

"Them ez think that frogs ain't about ez cute an' insec' ez paddies," said he, "is a flashin' without no flannel. I tell 'y' that they know a heap, an' I kin prove it to 'y' by tellin' a curious circumstance ez wunst happened down in Jersey when I was froggin' in the swamps that, long 'fore I come up here to learn you fellers a lot yer didn't know. The swamp whar I fished down there was a big one, an' 'y' couldn't do nothin' 'long the edges, ez twain 's possible fur to git a 'boat inter it. I used to set night traps and grit my teeth a-listenin' to the great big fellers a-bollerin' off in the swamp, jist ez if they war a sassin' me 'cause I couldn't git no way nigh 'em. I laid awake many a night tryin' to hatch up some trick ez would fetch some on 'em out, but nothin' 'd work. One day I ketchin' a tadpole ez was jist puttin' on the finishin' touches ez would make it a frog, an' I says to myself, durned if I don't take it hum an' see if I can't raise it. I put it in the spring an' potted it of ev'ry day, an' ez it grow'd it got to knowin' of me, an' it was so durn tame an' cute that I tried on it a couple o' tricks. I laid it to turn summersets an' to hop along on its hind legs, carryin' a little flag under one of its fore-legs like a soldier, an' to do lots o' other things. It grow'd to be the biggest frog I ever see, an' know'd more than some men."

"He understood ev'rything I said, an' used to go with me down to the swamp, hoppin' 'longside o' me like a young kangaroo. He'd set an' watch me sling my flannel under the noses of the swamp frogs, an' open his mouth clean from one shoulder to 'tother when I'd haul 'em in a kickin', jist ez if he wor laughin' at the fun. When them big fellers that I couldn't git at would sass me, an' I'd cuss an' swear at 'em, my frog 'd jist ez wad as I did, an' the noises he'd make tryin' to swar, too, was 'nough to make a mule laugh."

"One day the frogs out in the swamp had ben more aggeravatin' than ever, an' me an' my trained frog had made things blue around thar. In the afternoon, Job—that war the name I give my frog—seemed to me to be keepin' up a ter'ble thinkin' 'bout suthin'. All of a suddint I see him makin' for the woodshed. I allus kep' a lot o' lines an' hooks, with flannel all on 'em, hangin' on the back of an old chair in the woodshed. Job went a-piffin' in the shed, an' pooty soon out he come. He had one o' them lines wound round him jist below the forelegs, leavin' 'bout a foot o' it, with the hook an' flannel on it, streamin' to one side. I thort he had picked up a new trick, an' so he had, fur he went a-whizzin' 'long to'ards that swamp ez if he'd ben a big injin-rubber ball shot out o' a cannon. He went kersouse inter the swamp, an, thinks says J, Job has gone to jine his relations, sure. 'Bout

fifteen minutes arterw'ds, though, I happened to look down to'ris the swamp, an' thar I see my frog a-makin' fur hum, an' a draggin' another one arter him, durn high ez big ez he was. 'Tother one had the flannel hook in his jaw. Then the hull business struck me square in the conk. Job had made up his mind that he wa'n't a-goin' to have them frogs out in the swamp a-sassin' us any longer, an' so he had jist rigged himself up a hook an' line, swum out to the place whar I nor nobody else couldn't git, an' had flirted that flannel under the noses of them frogs, hooked one, an' fatched him in. He brought in twenty-nine frogs that arternoon 'fore he rested, an' they weighed ez much ez two pound apiece. So when any one says that there ain't no sense in a frog, jist—"

The story was more than the other natives could stand, and before my friend of the overalls could draw the moral for it, they were beating a retreat from the barroom, as if they were afraid the house might be struck by lightning or something.

ED. H. MOTT.

Benjamin Arnold, Druggist.

AMONG the papers of the late Rev. Dr. Benjamin Trumbull, the historian of Connecticut, was found an advertising circular of Benjamin Arnold's New Haven store. It announces that "Benjamin Arnold has just imported (via New York) and sells at his store in New Haven, a very large and fresh assortment of drugs and chymical preparations, etc." An enumeration of the principal attractions follows, showing the wide scope of the continental merchant's calling, and the cultivated tastes of his customers. These are some of the articles to which special attention was invited: Essence balm Gilead, Eaton's Styrpeck, Francis's Female Elixir, ladies' coat plaster, a few very neat watches, West and Littleton on the Resurrection, Watt's Poems, Sermons, Psalms and Hymns, tea, rum, sugar, fine Durham flour, mustard, and many other articles, very cheap, for cash or short credit.

FUN.

The early swimmer catches the cramps.

The foolishness that can't be cured must be in duce.

When a newspaper becomes an organ there is always a crank connected with the establishment.

There is very little rest in this working world, except for clerks in stores that do not advertise.

The almanac says that Venus now rises before daylight. Venus has evidently married a man who refuses to get up in the morning to make the fires.

If a great poet Burns Horace, Prior to going Home, and is Scott, Shelley confess it, or Walt to be Donne? If he denies it, what his Wordsworth is a Marvel.

"Dead broke, eh?" queried a Boston man of a seedy-looking individual, whom he saw passing into a shop adorned with three golden balls. "No," was the curt reply, "paw-broke."

An old lady in Kalamazoo, Mich., objected to the setting of a telegraph pole on her premises, saying she wasn't going to have that thing there to telegraph everything she said all over town.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. P., with a toothache. "Why can't people be born without teeth?" "If you will reflect a moment, my dear," replied Mr. P., "you will be convinced that such is the fact."

"I NEVER ask a gentleman for money," said a tailor. "But suppose he doesn't pay you?" "Well, if he doesn't pay me within a reasonable time I conclude he is not a gentleman—and then I ask him."

An exchange tells us that "John Bright smokes and occasionally drinks whisky." Information as to the comparative results upon the human system of smoking whisky and drinking it would be interesting.

A WRITER SAYS, "For a stimulant to every faculty give me a strong enemy rather than a weak friend." The trouble is that a good many people in want of a stimulant to every faculty put the strong enemy in their mouths.

A SOFT ANSWER, ETC.—*Stout Lady Passenger* (winching—she had trod on her best corn)—"Pshaw! clumsy." *Polite Old Gentleman*—"Very sorry, my dear madam, but if you had a foot large enough to be seen, such an accident couldn't occur!"

"SAY, GEORGE," said the married man whose wife had been ill; "I've discharged that nurse we had, and I'm taking her place myself now." "Taking her place?" inquired George. "What part of her work can you do, old man?" "Oh, I can do it about all," was the reply. "I always was a sound sleeper."

A GENTLEMAN who is no longer young, and who was never handsome, said to a youngster the other day, before his parents, "Well, baby, really, what do you think of me?" As the child did not reply, the gentleman continued, "You do not wish to tell me. Why not?" "Because I know that if I should tell you I should be whipped."

THE casual reader of "THE REAL LORD BYRON," by John Cordy Jeaffreson, which J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have just published, will find a great collection, gathered from all sources, of facts, gossip, incidents and reminiscences of the great poet's life and career, but it is doubtful whether the critical student will be able, after careful perusal of the book, to say that any of the essential issues, so long in dispute, are settled by it. That the author has been most diligent is fully apparent; that he means to be impartial may be inferred from his opposite opinions of Byron's character, expressed at different points of the work, and that he will gratify a lasting and perennial interest in the life and character of the brilliant and noble poet is unquestioned. Mr. Jeaffreson's book cannot fairly be said to be of the first order of literary merit, but it makes up in its mass of facts, large and small, what it may lack in grace of style and diction, and will serve a useful purpose to all who wish to acquire with the most accuracy and the least labor the facts of Byron's erratic and unhappy life. The perusal of Mr. Jeaffreson's book will afford, however, far less pleasure and satisfaction to the admirers of Byron and his genius than the reading of his own matchless and enduring poems.

"THE MANHATTAN" magazine, for June, presents a varied and attractive table of contents, among which appear the names of several well-known and popular writers, together with those of others, for whom, if promises are redeemed, greater fame may be expected. The first number of the new volume, which begins in July, will contain installments of new stories by Julian Hawthorne and Philip Bourke Marston, and a profusely illustrated article on Princeton College, by Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, the new pastor of the Brick Church in this city. The "MANHATTAN," with no flourish of trumpets, no "special mission" or alarming purposes, with its quiet, dignified and tasteful methods, and its sterling and substantial merits, will not fail to win favor and popularity. It aims at "a golden mean" which it seems sure to attain.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

DR. O. G. CILLEY, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia, and derangement of the liver and kidneys."

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KENTUCKY market reports represent hemp as "booming," but it is for use in other states.

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FLIES, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks cleared out by "ROUGH ON RATS." 15c.

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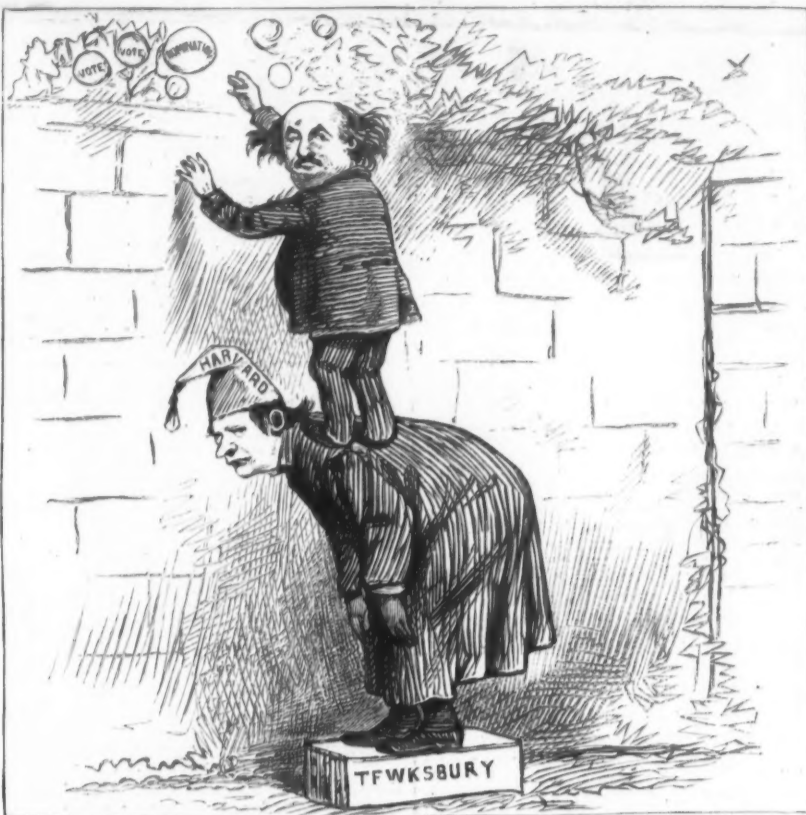
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